In Woods of God-Realization

OR

Complete Works of Swami Rama Tirtha

VOLUME I.

THE POLE STAR WITHIN

Seventh Edition:—**AUGUST, 1946.**

PRICE

Popular edition, without postage. ... Re. 3.

PUBLISHED BY
THE RAMA TIRTHA PUBLICATION LEAGUE,
LUCKNOW, (INDIA).

★

PRINTED BY
PT. MANNA LAL TIWARI
AT THE
SHUKLA PRINTING PRESS,
LUCKNOW.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LECTURES.

A WORD ABOUT THE
Rama Tirtha Publication League.

The Rama Tirtha Publication League was started in the end of year 1919 by lovers and admirers of Swami Rama Tirtha in his sacred memory. Its aims and objects are to publish in different languages particularly the writings, lectures and life of Swami Rama Tirtha and generally such other works, as are allied to his teachings in decent style and handsome get up, preserving the purity and originality of the subjects and sell them at the least possible price.

It consists of patrons (who subscribe Rs. 1,000 each), members (who subscribe Rs. 200 each) and associates (who subscribe Rs. 25 each) to the League; and these donors are entitled to receive the publications of the League to the value of 5 per cent, per annum for life, on the amount of their respective donations, free of charge, a part or whole of which they can also transfer to the charity section of the League.

The books that it has so far published in different languages during the decade are :—

IN ENGLISH

(1) Complete Works of Swami Rama, in 8 volumes.
(2) Heart of Rama.
(3) Poems of Rama.
(4) Life sketch of Rama with an essay on Mathematics.
(5) Note-Books.
(6) Life & Legacy of Swami Rama.
(7) Parables of Rama.
(8) Story of Swami Rama.

IN HINDI.

(1) Sri Rama Tirtha Granthawali in 28 parts, containing all the writings and teachings of Swami Rama.
(2) Rama Varsha, complete (Songs and Poems).
(3) Lectures and writings of Rama (revised and enlarged edition of first 18 Parts of Granthawali) into 6 volumes.
(4) Dashadesha (ten commandments) of Rama.
(5) Detailed Life sketch of Swami Rama.
(6) An exhaustive commentary on Bhagvat Gita in 3 volumes.
(7) Vedanuvachan.
(8) Atma-sakshatkar ki kasauti.
6) Bhagvad Gyana ke Vichitra Rahasya.

IN URDU.

(1) Kulliyat-i-Rama volume I, II, III,
(2) Rama Patra.
(3) Rama Varsha.
(4) Brief sketch of Rama's Life.
(5) Vedanuvachan.
(6) Miyarul Makashifa.
(7) Risala Ajaibul ilm.
(8) Jagjit Pragya.

Full particulars about the working of the League and its publications can be known from the last twenty-seven annual reports (from 1919 to 1946), the rules of the League and the catalogue which can be had from—

The Manager,
The Rama Tirtha Publication League,
LUCKNOW (India).

RAMA'S MESSAGE.

Whether working through many souls or alone, I seriously promise to infuse true life and dispel darkness and weakness from India within ten years ; and within the first half of the twentieth century, India will be restored to more than its original glory. Let these words be recorded.

SWAMI RAMA
1st January 1900

SAYINGS OF RAMA.

A person can never realize his unity with God, the All, except when unity with the whole Nation throbs in every fibre of his frame.

One's personal and local Dharma must never be placed higher than the National Dharma. The keeping of right proportions only secures felicity.

Doing anything to promote the well-being of the Nation is serving the cosmic powers, devas or Gods.

PREFACE

TO THE SIXTH EDITION.

We are glad to place before the lovers and admirers of Swami Rama the 6th edition of "In Woods of God-Realization," Volume I, of Rama's lectures, in a revised and improved form. Before giving the new edition to the press the subject matter was compared with the first edition and in cases of doubt with the original manuscript. Special care has been taken not to make any addition to or alteration in the original text. Such interpolations, although born in the love for improvement, are unpardonable in so far as they in course of time either change the whole text or else so shroud it as to be indistinguishable.

Unlike the previous edition, we have removed the portion of note-books given at the end. They have been composed in separate book-form. It has been done, as note-books do not form any logical connection with the lectures. Their place at the end of the volume

is rather redundant. Previous editions and public demand both were in favour of this change.

It would not be, we believe, out of place to mention here that we have also commenced to reduce eight volumes into four, as it was previously done. Each such volume would cost Rs. 2/-. This has been done with a view to help greater circulation among those deserving and poor admirers, for whom the question of money stands in the way. So far we have brought the first three volumes of existing edition into one volume also and hope, the public would not be slow to recognise our good will.

It is hoped that the new edition will be appreciated much by those persons who need solace and peace and thus encourage the League to do greater service in the spirit of total dedication, love and joy.

Secretary,

RAMA TIRTHA PUBLICATION LEAGUE,

June 1937. LUCKNOW.

PREFACE

TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

The Rama Tirtha Publication League, Lucknow, is glad to be able to bring out the present fifth edition of "In Woods of God-Realization" or the Complete Works of Swami Rama Tirtha, M. A. in a thoroughly revised and much improved form for the benefit of the public.

The lectures, delivered by Swami Rama in America in 1902 and 1903, were taken down in short hand notes by his American admirers and lovers. These notes were found in Rama's own boxes, which after his passing away, were handed over by the Tehri Durbar to his chief disciple, Shri R. S. Narayana Swami. These along with other lectures and writings, delivered and penned by Swami Rama in Japan and elsewhere, were collected and thereafter revised by his disciples, Swami Narayana and Mr. Puran.

These were arranged according to the

subject matter and published in the form of a book under the title "In Woods of God-Realization" in three volumes. The matter from Rama's private note-books and letters were also arranged by them and published as the fourth volume. These volumes contain mostly the spoken lectures and talks, taken down verbatim, hence their language is not exactly what it ought to have been for a written or published work, and has sometimes repetitions of words and phrases which Rama liked most to impress on the mind of his audience. Care has again been taken, just as in the previous editions, to rectify only the errors and faults of short-hand notes; keeping the language untouched and pure as far as possible, inspite of the repetitions already mentioned.

We are deeply indebted to the late Master Amir Chand of Delhi for the stupendous sacrifice which he made in undertaking the enterprise of publishing these Works before the formation of the League.

In bringing out the present edition, a careful revision of the matter has been made with the help of a few lovers and admirers of

Swami Rama, to whom our hearty thanks are due.

In order to make the whole work more handy and less costly, the size has been reduced; and the old four volumes, costing Rs. 2 each, have now been divided into seven at Re. 1 each. The fourth volume consisting of the subject matter of Rama's note books etc. has been apportioned at the end of each volume.

The matter of these note-books is also going to be published in a separate volume for those who want it as such.

Care has been taken to select better and more distinct type to print the present edition.

All these volumes together with Urdu speeches and writings of Swami Rama, which have already been translated and published in Hindi in the Rama Tirtha Granthawali series by the League, are also under revision and three volumes have so far been published. It is also contemplated to translate and publish these English speeches and writings in Urdu as well. The original Urdu Works of Rama, published as "Risala-Alif", have also

been revised and published as Khum Khana-i-Rama, of which only the first part is yet out.

I hope the present edition of English Works will meet the approval of the public, and any suggestions for further improvement will be gratefully received.

Secretary,
The R. T. P. League,
Lucknow.

September 5, 1930.

PREFACE
TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

The stock of this volume was exhausted some time ago, but circumstances did not permit us to place this new edition into the hands of the readers earlier, for which we apologise to them.

For the publication of Rama's writings and teachings which command universal admiration, we have started a registered society known as the Rama Tirtha Publication League in 1919, which has published the complete Works of Swami Rama in Hindi in 28 parts, besides other minor Works in English and Urdu. It has taken up the work which so far was being performed by individuals. We hope now no delay will take place in the publications of Rama's Works.

In the beginning of the year 1924, the League brought out the third edition of third volume of Rama's Works, and it is satisfying to note that within a short period of five

months it has published the fourth edition of the first volume. The aim of the League is to publish Rama's Works in original, as well as their translations and also Works on Vedantic thought, allied to Rama's teachings. But in order to fulfil the aim, the League requires funds. We hope every lover and admirer of Rama's teachings will try his best to support the League by donations or by enlisting himself and others as Patron, Member or Associate of the League.

A copy of the rules of the League can be had on application to the

Secretary,
The R. T. P. League,
Lucknow.

1924.

PREFACE
TO THE THIRD EDITION.

We have much pleasure in placing before the public the third edition of the Complete Works of Swami Rama Tirtha, M. A., Volume I, revised and improved.

Originally the publication of the Work was undertaken by our revered sire the late Lala Amir Chand in 1908; and the undertaking was so successful that second editions of the first three volumes were soon brought out and sold very largely. Second editions of Volumes II and III are also nearly exhausted and the third editions will be brought out as soon as possible. The intrinsic merit of the Work has been the chief factor in its sale, as very little has been done as yet towards advertising it.

The new edition would have been brought out earlier, had not the high cost of labour and material kept us from beginning the work for a long time. We have tried our

best to make the cost minimum without marring the beauty of the book.

The division of the Volume into three parts has been discontinued, and the text runs smoothly on although the order of the lectures is the same. Part I, "The Pole Star Within" consisted of the first seven lectures; Part II, "The Fountain of Power" of the next six lectures; and Part III, "Aids to Realization" of the last seven lectures.

Lately, a League for the publication of Rama's Works has been established at Lucknow under the guidance of Shriman R. S. Narayana Swami and is doing valuable service by publishing Hindi translations of the Works at very cheap prices. All its publications will be available with us. We heartily wish the League every success.

Our thanks are also due to Mr. A. T. Ray, Proprietor, I.M.H. Press, Delhi, who undertook special pains in reading proof and printed the book at almost actual cost.

Any suggestions towards improvement will be gratefully received and attended to.

1920. S. Chand & Bros, Delhi.

PREFACE
To the Second Edition.

The following lines are penned in accordance with the suggestions of Swami Narayana.

Of the great support and encouragement that this humble undertaking had received from the admirers, friends and countrymen of Rama, there can be no better proof than that the one thousand copies of the first edition of this volume were exhausted in about a year of its first appearance in March, 1910. I have also received many complimentary letters full of congratulations and sincere appreciation of the work. In response to Swami Narayana's appeal, many admirers and lovers of our beloved and revered Rama have literally patronised the interprise by generously and liberally giving substantial help in the form of subscribing to a large number of copies for free distribution among School Libraries, Reading Rooms, and also earnest but poor

admirers of Rama or students of Vedanta. We are glad to learn that in one College at least, the book has been accepted as suitable for prize. Societies or Reading classes have been established in several places for the study of Vedanta and specially Rama's Works.

A few months after the running out of the first edition, it was clear that there was a great demand for the book, as orders daily poured in from all quarters, and this, in spite of the fact that it was not sent to the press for review nor advertised at all. This edition is brought out to meet this great demand; and I am alone responsible this time for all the alterations and improvement that I have ventured to introduce in the language and wording, though not without great hesitation.

The intrinsic merit of the book has indeed been the chief factor of this unexpected success, but I believe that the rapid sale is also due to the remarkably low price at which it has been deliberately offered to the public. This has been rendered possible only by the fact, that the whole enterprise has not been undertaken from any monetary consideration

or with the motive of profits. Our labour is labour of love and the net profits, if any, are meant to serve as the nucleus of a fund to be devoted to some object near and dear to beloved Rama's spirit or to perpetuate in some way or other his sacred memory.

Rama's body (seven photos of which have been printed separately) has disappeared, it is invisible, I never saw Rama in his body. But dear Rama lives. He cannot be dead to us. I feel his presence. I have often felt him speaking or addressing me. He alone (coupled with the hearty guidance, active co-operation and infinite pains of Mr. Puran and Swami Narayana) has inspired and encouraged me to persevere with the undertaking which has now developed beyond my expectations and is not likely to be finished before several years, and to face sometimes disappointments and difficulties specially of financial nature and it is to his own help behind the scenes or to the influence of his teachings that I attribute the prompt solution and disappearance of all difficulties and obstacles. What better tribute, however unworthy and humble it may be,

could I pay, what more suitable homage could I render, what better acknowledgment and expression of my gratitude for the spiritual good I have gained from him could I make than to take a humble part in preserving and giving to the world the priceless legacy of the message bequeathed by him to the world. How grateful shall I always feel to Swami Narayana for thus introducing me to Rama and affording me this valuable opportunity.

It was intended at first to finish the whole work in three volumes, but it appears now that another volume must be issued to publish the most valuable treasure of the contents of his thirteen note-books. These will contain in addition to his own spiritual and highly intellectual reflections and musings, gems of quotations and observations of other great thinkers, philosophers, scientists and writers of the world which struck Rama during his studies.

It is also proposed to publish soon an abridged edition of these works specially for the students. This will contain mostly his spiritual and moral teachings and will be a

work of immense value to the rising generation of our beloved fallen Motherland. The Vernacular translations of these lectures, or at least of some of them, may also follow. The harvest is rich and the whole work is great. Men and money are both required to carry it on. It is earnestly hoped that all impediments and difficulties will disappear through the encouragement and the possible help of all lovers of truth and well-wishers of Bharat Varsh. May Rama's own spirit guide and help us!

Om.

Delhi,
13. 11. 1911.

Amir.

PREFACE

To the First Edition.

These volumes are presented to the public in the name and memory of Swami Rama. In these volumes it is proposed to bring together all his writings and speeches. A short collection of his articles and essays published in his lifetime has already been reprinted and put before the public in a nice form by Messrs. Ganesh and Co., Publishers, Madras. Besides these his other manuscripts, mostly the lecture-notes of his American speeches, taken down by some American friends, were found in his box when he left us for ever. Excepting the articles referred to above, that were published in his lifetime and which also have been included in the present collection, all other lectures have not had the advantage of his revision. So much that he might have eliminated is still there and so much more that he might have added is absent. He had intended to thoroughly recast, in fact to write

anew all the valuable portions of the subject matter of these manuscripts, with much more that was in his mind, into a systematic exposition of his teachings, a work that must have been a fresh and novel contribution on the philosophy of Vedanta advancing the latter systematically as the individual and social religion of the coming generations. But his wishes remained unfulfilled mainly for two reasons, first because about two years before his death, he seriously and earnestly undertook a thorough and complete study of the Vedas in original as preparation for his proposed work, and thus, I think the time which he could have perhaps more profitably devoted to the systematisation of his own writings was spent in the efforts of making his final work grand and monumental in every way; secondly, living in his beloved solitude of the Himalayas, out of touch with people whose hopes and aspirations might have stimulated his intellect to work for their fulfilment, his mind soared higher and higher till it lost its foothold by his daily increasing absorption in the Infinite. When the writer was for the last

time with him, he kept silent for most of the time. He had ceased taking interest in reading and writing. When questioned, he would expound to us the secrets of his state of consciousness, his supreme silence he called then by the name of Death-in-Life. He would tell us, the more one dies in Life, the greater is the good that naturally and spontaneously comes out of such a man for the benefit of others. "I may not seem to finish the task in hand, but I know it will some time be done all the better when I am gone. The ideas that saturate my mind and have guided my life, will gradually in the fulness of time filter down to society and can work their destiny properly when I lose myself now in the Divine, foregoing all plans, wishes and aims."

He had taken to this idea so ardently that no entreaties could prevail upon him to commence writing his work.

Thus, though deprived of the systematic exposition of his teachings by himself, it is a matter of consolation that we still have with us some of the subject-matter of his thought, however scattered and fragmentary it may be.

It has, therefore, been decided, not without some hesitation, that this subject-matter of his thought and the reflections of his consciousness in his extempore speeches, with his essays and note-books, should be put before the public in a printed form, almost in the same form, as he left them. Those that have met Rama personally will recognise him in many and perhaps all of the speeches and will feel as if they were still listening to his wonderfully eloquent character. They will feel enchanted once again by the spell of his personality supplementing as they would all that may be lacking in the printed form by the affectionate and reverent associations of him in their minds. Those that have had no occasion to see him will be able to realize the state of that supremely blissful consciousness which is at the back of these utterances and gives them their charm and meaning, provided they may have the patience to read them through. They may not be able to follow him in some of his ideas at one place but at another place they will find those ideas expressed much more clearly and with greater force. Men of differ-

ent shades of opinion and thought, on reading through these pages, will find ample food for their thought and spirit, and much that they will surely recognise to be their own.

In these volumes, he appears before us by no means as a literary man and has no desire to be judged as an author, but he comes before us with the majesty of a teacher of the spiritual laws of life. One great feature of his speech is that he speaks to us directly from his heart and never endeavours to give us a lecture-room demonstration of Vedantic doctrines, not because he was unable to do so—for those who know him know him to be the master of the subject he is handling but because he is trying to lay before us only those ideas which he practically carried into his own life and which, he thinks, would, if followed by others, guide, as they did in his case, the life of man to the pinnacle of glory, of happiness and success. He therefore does not lay before us the intellectual side of his mind, but tries to give us some of his own experiences and speaks out clearly with an inspired enthusiasm of the effects that certain thoughts

produce on life when carried into actual practice. As such these speeches are only aid and suggestions to the realization of truth that he believed in, rather than the philosophical and closely reasoned expositions of that truth. Are we not already sick of works overloaded with intellect? It is indeed refreshing to see a masterly mind coming home to us in simpler and clearer and commoner accents of life. Instead of an argument, Swami Rama gives us a story, believing that the actual life of a man sympathises more with the life of another and weighs it more than all the abstract architecture of mental reasoning. There is that airiness and freedom in his expression which characterises the speech of a poet only. Poet-philosopher as he was, the suggestiveness thought and speech is marvellous, pointing as it does to Infinity. He is the philosopher of that deep music of life which is audible to those only who go deep enough.

A few lines may be appropriately devoted here to give an idea of what Rama was in himself and to us. Born in a very poor Brahman family in the Punjab, he was the patient

architect of himself from childhood to manhood. He built himself little by little, moment by moment, and day by day. It may be said that perhaps the whole career of his future life was sketched already before his mind's eye, because even as a boy he was working so gravely, so silently and so consciously for a definite mission. There was the resolution of a riper mind in the steps of the poor Brahman boy who faltered not under any circumstances, and who was never daunted by any difficulties. Under that extremely humble and winsome appearance, touched with resignation and purity almost like that of a shy and modest maid, there was concealed in this thin frame of the Brahman boy an iron will which nothing could shake. He was a typical student who loved to study not with any hope of gaining worldly ends, but for satisfying the ever-growing thirst for knowledge which was firing his soul anew with every new sun. His daily studies were sanctified oblations on the altar of this *havan kund.*

He would forego an extra suit to himself, and an extra loaf or even a day's meal for the

sake of oil for his midnight lamp to read his books. It was not unoften in his student life that he kept absorbed in his studies from sunset to sunrise. There was that love of knowledge which pulled strongly at his heart so much that the ordinary comforts and physical needs of a student life were entirely forgotten. Hunger and thirst, cold and heat, could not tell upon this supreme passion that he felt towards knowledge. There are witnesses of his student life still living at Gujranwala and Lahore, who say that the pure-minded Goswami toiled unarmed and alone day and night, fighting with life without the sinews of war, and they remember the occasions when even in this country of boasted charity, the poor Brahman boy had for many a day little or nothing to eat, though every muscle of his face always exhibited an ineffable joy and satisfaction.

The knowledge therefore that Swami Rama brings to bear upon his teachings in after life was gathered grain by grain with the greatest penance and hardest labour and is full of intense pathos for us, remembering as we do

the extreme penury and thorny life in which he managed to bloom up as a poet, philosopher, scholar, and mathematician. When the Principal of the Government College, Lahore, offered to send up his name for the Provincial Civil Service, Rama expressed himself with a bent head and a moist eye that he had not toiled so much for selling his harvest but for distributing it. He would therefore prefer being a teacher to being an executive official.

A student so absorbed and so amorously fond of knowledge naturally grows into a pure and sincere man.

Enjoying perfect intellectual isolation from his surroundings even as a student, Rama lived by himself keeping company only with the greatest of men through his books. He looked neither to the right nor to the left being wholly absorbed in his own high pursuits. He set his life early in tune with his ideals. All who knew him in his student days reverently acknowledged the transparent purity of his character and the high moral purpose of his life. In his student life

Swami Rama was growing inwardly. He was melting and casting and melting and casting his life again and again into moulds of perfection. He went on chiselling day and night to shape out the curve-lines of his model and to finish its beauty. From good to better, he stood daily self-surpassed. When he became a professor of Mathematics, the very first pamphelt he wrote was, "How to study Mathematics." The lesson he teaches there is that overloading the stomach with greasy and rich stuffs makes even an intelligent student unfit and dull, while on the other hand light food always gives free and uncongested brain which forms the secret of a successful student life. He says purity of mind is another essential condition for securing proper attention to work; and devoid of this one element no methods would be able to keep the mind in the proper mood of the student. Thus he condenses the experiences of his student life in such simple pieces of advice as we find in the said pamphlet.

He does not write for writing's sake, nor speak for speaking's sake, but he takes his

pen or opens his lips only when he has something to give. "I try hard for gathering facts, but when they are mine, I stand on a rock proclaiming my message of truth for all time." The pieces of advice referred to above are mentioned here to indicate his method of getting at a lesson and then of teaching it. He would observe the effects of things and thoughts on himself and then form his independent and unbiassed opinions, which he would put to crucial tests for years in his own life before taking them to be true or otherwise for himself, and he would take still longer time for maturing them before working them out for others. As said above, he had made up his mind not to open his lips and pose as a teacher before he had mastered as a student and disciple for himself the lessons that he had to teach. This is one of the secret keys to his character. Swami Rama, whether as a student or as a professor, had always been secretly toiling for a higher knowledge than that of Literature and Science and patiently building up his convictions and thoughts on the higher laws of life exactly after the manner of Dar-

win, before he went out as a Swami to proclaim his truth in the world. We always find him working with the solemn consciousness of a great moral responsibility of his life to mankind. This toiling for the higher knowledge of Self has therefore been all the more arduous and keener struggle, considering that he was fully weighing in his mind the responsibility of his mission of life to accomplish which he knew he had to leave the chair in the college for a platform from where his words would be addressed to the whole of humanity and to posterity. He slowly and resolutely began floating his life on the divine bosom on the wings of Love and Faith, and daily winged higher and higher till he was lost in the Infinite, the Brahma, God, or as he called it, the *Atmadeva.* The history of the yearnings of his soul, spiritual privations, emotional difficulties and mental miseries is hidden from our eyes. But it is the harvest of the hard-earned experiences of this part of his life that we find in his teachings as a Swami. Many a night he wept and wept, and his godly wife alone saw his bed-sheet literally drenched in his tears in

the morning. What ailed him? What made him so sorrowful? Whatever it be, it is these tears of that intense spiritual yearning of his soul for the highest love which fertilise his thoughts. On the banks of rivers, in the dark solitudes of forests, he passed many a sleepless night in watching the shifting scenes of nature and in contemplation of the *Atman*, sometimes chanting songs of his own composition in the dolorous tone of a lovelorn bird separated from his mate, and at others, fainting away in the intensity of his devotion divine, and reviving bathed in the holy waters of the Ganga of his eyes. His moods of love shall for ever remain private, for he has chosen to keep his own personal life hidden from us and none knows except himself the details of the development of his consciousness. But he was undoubtedly in the company of a galaxy of saints and prophets and poets before he came to be a poet and an apostle himself. He was a constant companion of the Sufis of Persia, notably of Hafiz, Attar, Maulana Room and Shamstabrez. The saints of India with centuries of their religious culture informed his spirit. Tulsi Das

and Sur Das were undoubtedly his inspirers. The love-ecstacy of Chaitanya, the sweetness of Tuka Ram and Nanak, the meditations of Kabir and Farid, of Hasan and Boo Ali Kalander, the faith of Prahlad and Dhruva, the intense spirituality of Mira Bai, Bullashah and Gopal Singh, the mystery of Krishna, the consciousness of Shiva and Shankar, the thought of Emerson, Kant, Goethe and Carlyle, the free chants of Walt Whitman and Thoreau of the West reacting on the dreamy Vedanta of the East, the scientific candour and truthfulness of Clifford, Huxley and Tyndal, of Mill, Darwin and Spencer reacting upon the superstitious theologies and religious dogmas of both the East and the West, liberalising the human heart and emancipating the human mind from centuries of mental slavery, all these and many more influences individually and collectively went to idealise his mind. As a Swami, we see him always living in the divine, and we do not recognise in him the humble and shy student boy that he was. His voice has grown powerful, his character eloquent, his realization inspiring and his flesh magnetic

over and over. His presence charmed the very atmosphere around him. In his company, the seasons of one's mind shifted in a beautiful panoramic rotation. Now the spell of his sincerity moved the audience to tears and then to smiles of supreme satisfaction He succeeded like a poet to exalt in our eyes the commonest things into the highest *Avataras* of Divinity. Some people by his touch got tastes of a poet, others of a painter, some of a mystic and some of a soldier. Many common minds felt inspired to such an extent that they felt a distinct increase in their mental power.

One of his American friends addressed the writer the following letter on his death. It describes him literally as he was to all of us, and may therefore be appropriately quoted here.

"Words fail me when I attempt to express what is so difficult to make apparent in the cold narrow words of language."

Rama's language was that of the sweet innocent child, the birds, the flowers, the flowing stream, the waving tree branches, that of the sun, moon and stars. His was the

language running under the outer shows of the world and of people.

Under the oceans, continents, under the fields and the roots of the grasses and trees, his life passed deep into nature, nay, was the very life of nature. His language penetrated far under the little thoughts and dreams of men. How few are the ears which hear that wondrous melody. He heard it, lived it, breathed it, taught it, and his whole soul was imbued with it. He was the messenger full of joy.

O freed soul!! Soul that has completed its relation to the body!! O soaring, happy beyond words, into other worlds passing, salutations to you, freed, redeemed Soul!!

* * * * *

He was so gentle, unaffected, childlike, pure and noble, sincere, earnest and unassuming that all who came in contact with him, with a heart yearning for the truth, could not but receive inestimable benefit. After each lecture or class-lesson, questions were put which were always answered so clearly and concisely, sweetly and lovingly. He was ever filled with bliss and peace and was constantly

humming *Om*, when not employed in talking, writing, or reading. He saw Divinity in each and all, and every one was addressed by him as "Blessed Divinity".

* * * * *

Rama was a continual bubbling spring of happiness. In God he lived, moved and had his being—nay he was the very self of God. He once wrote to me, "Those who have a mind to enjoy can enjoy the diamonds shining in the brilliant starlit skies, can derive abundance of pleasure from the smiling forest and dancing rivers, can reap inexhaustible joy from the cool breeze, warm sunshine and balmy moonlights, freely placed at the service of each and all by nature. Those who believe their happiness depends upon particular conditions will find the day of enjoyment ever recede from them and run away constantly like will-o'-the-wisp. The so-called health of the world instead of being a source of happiness only serves as an artificial screen to shut out the glory and aroma of all nature, heavens and free scenery."

* * * * *

Rama lived in a tent on the hill side and took his meals at the Ranchi house. It was a beautiful place, rugged wild scenery, high mountains on either side draped with evergreen trees and thick tangled underbrush. The Sacramento river flowed turbulently down this valley and here it was that Rama read many, many books, wrote his sublime poetry, and meditated hours at a time. He sat on a large boulder in the river where the current was very strong day after day and week after week, only coming to the house at meal times when he always gave us beautiful talks. Numerous visitors from Shasta Springs would come to see him and they were always welcomed gladly. His sublime thoughts left a deep and lasting impression on all. Those who came out of curiosity went away with their curiosity satisfied, and the seed of truth planted for ever in their hearts, may be for a time being unconsciously to them but bound to sprout and develop into a strong and sturdy tree whose branches will twine together from all parts of the earth in a bond of brotherhood and love divine. Seeds of

truth always grow.

He took long walks. Thus he lived while there in Shasta Springs a busy, simple, free, and joyous life. He was so happy. His laughter came spontaneously and could be heard plainly at the house when he was at the riverside. Free, free was he like a child and a saint. He would remain in God-consciousness for days together. His unfaltering devotion to India and his desire to raise her benighted people was indeed perfect self-abnegation.

* * * *

After I left there, I received a letter from him which, I afterwards learnt, was written during a period of severe illness. "The degree of concentration and pure divine feeling is wonderfully high these days and God-consciousness is possessing with a marvellous sweep. As the body is subject to fickle whims and constant change, I will never, never, identify myself with this naughty will-o'-the-wisp. In sickness, concentration and inner peace is supremely intense. He or she must be a poor stingy miser whose close-fistedness grudges to accord due hospitality to passing

guests of bodily ailment and the like."

Always he would tell us to 'feel, feel all the time that the power supreme that manifests itself in the sun and the stars, the same, the same I am, the same, the same is yourself. Take up this real Self, this glory of thine, contemplate this Life eternal, meditate on this your real beauty and forget clean all thoughts of little body and ties as if you never had anything to do with these false, seeming realities (nay, shadows). No death, no sickness, no sorrow. Be perfectly happy, thoroughly blissful, saturated with peace. Keep yourself thoroughly collected above the body or little self" Thus he taught each and all.

* * * *

'What a brave, true, loyal and God-intoxicated soul it is who ventures to a foreign country without money on behalf of his country.

* * * *

To think that it has been my privilege to have met and conversed with and aided such a holy man as Rama is wonderful. He was a child of Aurora and emitted his music from sunrise till evening. It mattered not to him what the

clocks said or the attitudes or labours of men. His elastic and vigorous thoughts kept pace with the sun and so the day was the perpetual morning. "The millions are awake enough for physical labour, but only one in a hundred millions for a poetic and divine life," so says Thoreau. Rama was one of those rare souls who occasionally visit this earth.

> "They say the sun is but His photo,
> They say that man is in His image,
> They say He twinkles in the stars,
> They say He smiles in fragrant flowers,
> They say He sings in nightingales,
> They say He breathes in cosmic air,
> They say He weeps in raining clouds,
> They say He sleeps in winter nights,
> They say He runs in prattling streams,
> They say He swings in rainbow arches,
> In floods of light, they say, He marches."

So Rama told us and it is so.

He may be said, spiritually speaking, to be a man of only one idea. That great idea which runs as an under-current in all his discourses is the *renunciation of body-consciousness or ahankar and the realisation of self to be the Self of the universe.* It is the realization

of that higher life where the local "I" is forgotten and the universe grows to be the "I" of man. "All that thou seest, that thou art." Man is divine. The false ego is the cause of all limitations. Eliminate it and the spirit of man is the universal spirit pervading everywhere and everything. This higher life is to be realized, and Rama sanctions all means by which it may be attained. The bed of thorns or the bed of roses whichever induces the state of realization in us is to be blessed. Total self-abnegation is the essential prelude to this realization, and it may be effected by different individuals in different ways. Rama does not at all insist upon the methods and peculiar private association of thought and belief which may be requisite for the growth of an individual but tries to lay before us the general outlines of his main conclusions and sketches the methods which were most helpful to him. The intellect, when it questioned his ideal, was satisfied by him through a systematic study of the monistic philosophy of the East and the West, and was thus made to bow

before his truth. He similarly referred all those who came to discuss with him his philosophic position to a systematic study of philosophy and declined all controversy on the ground that not through controversy but through real, earnest, serious thought can truth be discovered.

When the heart questioned his ideal, then he saturated the former with the highest love through different emotions and made it realize that all is one and love never knows any twos. The heart was made to emotionalise the intellect and the latter was made to intellectualise the former. Truth however stood supreme in his consciousness and above both. This process he not only adopted to agree with his own head and heart but with those of others as well. When any one differed from him intellectually, he gave up the dicussion for the love of him and thus secured the agreement or oneness with him, an agreement which to him symbolised truth and which he would not sacrifice for anything. When the heart of any man, disagreed with him, he would give up the regions of heart

meet the man in the intellect. He was one with whom none could disagree. If his thoughts did not appeal to you, then his Purity and his Love did. Even without talking to him you would feel that you could not help loving him. All controversies were thus hushed in his presence and I believe the writings of such a man are open to no lower criticism, for he means to essentially agree with you and to be at one with you. Whoever you may be, he would readily concede what you may yourself be thinking of asking him to concede to you.

In conclusion, I wish to explain the meaning of the word "*Vedanta*" that so often occurs in his writings. With Swami Rama, the word Vedanta which he so lovingly uses is a comprehensive term. He does not restrict its sense by applying it to any particular system of philosophy or religion. He somehow fell in love with this word and was always willing to exchange the name but not the sense that he attached to it. The mere name of rose mattered not to this *realist*, only he would have the rose and its perfume. In order to

understand and appreciate his teachings, we need not get into the labyrinthine mazes of metaphysical subtleties, for Swami Rama as he walks along with us in the white, broad-day light on the paths of life takes us by surprise and teaches us Vedanta in the aurora of the rising sun, in the blushes of the rose and in the dimples of pearly dew. As we walk along with him, the echoes of his teachings we catch in the warblings of the merry birds, in the liquid music of the falling rain, and the life throbs of 'both man, bird and beast.' In the morning bloom of flowers opens his Bible. In the evening sparkle of stars flashes his Veda. His Alkoran is writ large in the living characters of myriad-hued life.

> "Time and thought were my surveyors,
> They laid their courses well,
> They poured the sea and baked the layers,
> Of granite, marl and shell."

The lotus Petals of the human heart were the pages of his reference and he found that every man and woman embodied in their self the meanings of Vedanta. Every rising race vindicated its truth and every dying one

showed the lack of its realization. Every hero beaconed its light. Every saint did shed its lustre. Every poet tasted its glory. Every artist rolled it down from his eyes in his ecstatic tears. Never did a happy and satisfied face greet Rama without being entitled by him a Vedantic face. Never did a victor come across him whom he did not call a practical Vedantin. He observed the daily life of Japs and called them the followers of his Vedanta. The daring adventures of the American people in their scalings of the Alps and the Rocky mountains and in their swimmings across the Niagara rapids, he spoke of as manifestations of the Vedantic spirit. When he read the news of some noble offers by some persons of their own bodies for the purpose of scientific research by vivisection, he saw the practical realization of his philosophy. On such occasions, his face glowed and his eyes became moist, and he said, "This is indeed the service of Truth." In modern ideals of true democracy and true socialism, Swami Rama saw the final triumph of the Oriental Vedanta.

Standing on the truth of the fundamental

unity of the inner man and the inner nature, he says that those alone live who realize the universal harmony of love. Those alone have the real joys of life who recognise the blood in the veins of the lily and the violet to be their own. To see all things in one's own self, and to see one's own self in all things is to have a real eye, without which there can be no love nor the beauty attracting it, and without love or attraction he asks what is life? In this spirit, whenever he sees an individual life rising into spheres above body and mind, he sees a rainbow in the sky and leaps with an infinite joy. Vedanta is to him by no means a mere intellectual assent but a most solemn and sacred offering of body and mind at the holy altar of love. Intellectual assent can feed upon philosophies and logics, books and quotations, learning and rhetoric, and thus grow big, but not such the means by which one can realize Rama's Vedanta. The body and mind can be actully and practically renounced only when the hearth fire of love is lit in the soul. Mental renunciation of the body and every muscle of it in love, and the dedication of mind in loving

service opens the portals of the paradise within man. Rama's Vedanta is the beautiful calm of that superconsciousness which transcends the limits of body and mind, where all sound dies, where the sun and moon get dissolved, where the whole Cosmos ripples like a dream and is eddied into the Infinite. It is from here that he throws the ladder for us to reach him and see the sights of the world below. Perennial peace is diffused there and the man is entirely lost in *God*. All discussion ceases there. And those who are there simply look around and smile and say to every object, "thou art good," "thou art pure," "thou art holy," "thou art That".

> Neither the Sun shines there, nor sparkles the Moon,
> *Pranas* and Sound are hushed into Silence.
> "All life reposes in Soul's Sweet Slumber,"
> No God, no man, no cosmos there, no soul,
> Naught but golden Calm and Peace and Splendour.

Dehra Dun
1909 A. D.

PURAN.

INTRODUCTION.

I have great pleasure in complying with the request of the friends of the late Swami Rama Tirtha and writing a brief introduction to the series of lectures contained in this book. The name of swami Rama is one which I have learnt to honour through residence in the Punjab where his chief influence was felt. Again and again I have seen faces light up at the mention of his name, and men have told me how much they owed to him. He came at a time when a deep unsettlement was taking place in the minds of educated Indian students with regard to religious truth, and when the claims of the material world were becoming too absorbing. The training in Western Sciences, divorced as it is in Government institutions from religious culture, inevitably led to an indifference to religion altogether. After college days, the struggle for existence in the world has only too often left little or no opportunity for the cultivation of the inner

nature, and a reputation for worldliness has gathered round educated life in the Punjab. The reputation is not altogether justified, for there have been most notable exceptions; but the dangers of the time of transition have been very great and the results serious.

Into such an atmosphere of getting and spending, Swami Rama's unworldly spirit came with a message that comanded attention by its very contrast. No one could be long in his presence without feeling that the highest happiness in life was to be found, not in the things of the body, but in the things of the soul. It was not so much that anyone had taught him the truths he held so dear (though he would have been the first to acknowledge how much he owed to the kindly influences of the Forman Christian College where he was both a student and a Professor), but he seemed from his earliest childhood, as the Preface will have shown, to have grown up with an intense realization of spiritual realities and every instinct in his nature pressed him forward to the devout religious life. Many of those with whom I have conversed

about him have told me of the innate power which he possessed, a power which moved them profoundly whenever they met and talked with him, a power which took their thoughts away from material things and made them feel, if only for moment, the reality of spiritual experience.

The Lectures and Conversation which are now published for the first time, will show more clearly than any words of mine the secret of his great influence. There is a child-like simplicity in what he writes, and an overflowing joy and happiness, won through great self-discipline and suffering, which reveals a soul that is at peace within itself and has found a priceless gift that it desires to impart to others. There is a striking personality which makes itself manifest in his very language and mode of address. At the same time there is on every page a definite refusal to appeal to those lower motives that are ordinarily urged as making for success in life, and a determination to find in the soul itself, apart from outward circumstances, the secret of all true and lasting joy.

The Lectures unfortunately have not had the revision of the author himself. He would undoubtedly have altered much, and possibly abbreviated much. He would have corrected also the metrical form of some of his poems, which have clearly been put down on paper as the inspiration to write came to him, without any laboured correction. But while there is considerable loss to the reader on this account, there is also considerable gain; for what is lost in finish and correctness is gained in freshness and vitality. I cannot doubt that the friends of the author were right in tenderly and piously preserving every word of the manuscript before them. The readers will gladly make allowance for repetition and lack of finish, when the individuality of the Swami himself is brought so vividly before them by his manuscript notes. We seem to be talking with him, as we read, and he seems to be talking with us. We feel the Swami himself still present in his words, and can almost picture him speaking.

If I were asked to point out what I considered to be the special qualities that appear

in these writings, I should mention first and foremost the point I have already emphasised, namely, the unworldliness that is apparent on every page. Wealth, riches, wordly ambitions, luxuries,—these are all laid aside without a murmur. The Swami's own life had reached a calm haven, into which the stormy passions, that are roused by the acquisition of wealth and wordly honours, had never come. His inner life had been free from such things. He cannot even understand them. The child nature seems to come out in him as he speaks of them. He smiles at them with an almost boyish laughter from his own retreat, or mocks at them with a gentle raillery. The laughter appears most of all in his poems.

In the second place I would mention his overflowing charity, his kindliness of spirit, which seems incapable of bitterness or malice. He is always trying to win men, not to drive them; to make the best of them, not to blame or scold them; to attract them by the power of his ideals, not to argue with them in useless and unsatisfying controversy. The bitter and

rancorous spirit is absent and the kindly tolerant spirit prevails. This is especially noticeable when he is dealing with beliefs other than his own. Here he is always courteous and sympathetic. If he has any objection to make, he does it with an apology. Usually his attempt is to absorb and assimilate all that he can accept, especially when he is speaking of Christianity, and mould it into his own system of religious thought. In this respect he shows the truly catholic spirit, which is the opposite of bigotry. He has a large share of that charity which 'thinketh no evil' and 'rejoiceth with the truth'. I would like to add how deeply I feel that it was in accordance with this characteristic of Swami Rama, that his friends, in bringing out his works, have so kindly offered to me, a Christian missionary, the privilege of writing an introduction and have given me, while doing so, such liberty of self-expression and freedom of comment. It is my wish that I may fulfil this duty in the same catholic spirit.

The third feature that I should wish to notice in the life and writings of the Swami

was his abounding joy. He was not in the least one of those gloomy ascetics, who, in choosing the path of renunciation, seem to have left behind them all joy and happiness. He knew what physical hardship and endurance meant in a way that few can have experienced. But this did not embitter him, or make his message one of harshness. On the contrary the very titles of his lectures are sufficient to give a picture of the character of his own mind. "Happiness within", "How to make your homes happy", such are the subjects that appeal to him, and his heart goes out in every word as he tries to make his message clear; it is the message of his own experience, not that of another's. He is full of happiness himself which he wishes to give to the world, and he is never so happy as when happiness is his subject. It is this also which bubbles over in his poems, waking in others an echo of his own laughter. The outward setting of these poems, as I have already said, may often be crude and even grotesque, but the inner spirit may be caught by the sympathetic reader beneath the imper-

fect vehicle of expression. The message of this gay spirit, laughing at hardship and smiling at pain, is one that sad India sorely needs amid the despondency of so much of her present modern life.

This mention of his poems leads me on to the last feature of his life and writings which I would wish to mention. I do so with considerable diffidence, as it is quite possible that others may take a different view to my own. But what I could venture to say is briefly this, that I find in Swami Rama Tirtha's *poetic* spirit, which lies behind his philosophy, the highest value of his written work. In this seems to lie freshness, its originality, its contribution to the world of thought. His romantic love of Nature, strong in his life as in his death; his passion for sacrifice and renunciation; his eager thirst for reality and self-abandonment in search of truth; his joy and laughter of the soul in the victory he had won;—all these, and other qualities such as these, which make him break out into song, reveal the true poet behind the philosopher. It is to these qualities that my own heart goes

out so warmly in response, and it is on these sides that I find by far the strongest attraction to the writer himself.

With the philosophy of the Advaita Vedanta, as it is often stated in the writings of Swami Rama, I confess I have only a faint and distant sympathy. Rightly or wrongly it seems to me an illegitimate short cut to the simplification of the problem of existence,—a solution which has overlooked certain persistent facts of human experience. I am always conscious of obstinate and irreducible elements in the equation of God, the soul, and the universe which the Advaita system itself does not seem seriously to take into account. I would refer for an instance in this book to the chapter on the 'Prognosis and Diagnosis of Sin'. While containing some valuable thoughts, these chapters appear to me to be altogether unsatisfying in their conclusions, intended as they are to form a final answer to the problems of the origin of evil and its elimination from the heart of man.

But on the other hand with the poetic spirit of Swami Rama, where his thought

is still in solution and not crystallized into a formal logical system, I have a sympathy which is not faint but deep. Here I feel again on common ground, and my whole heart goes out to writer in his beautiful passages on renunciation as 'the law of life eternal'; or again in his intense and vivid appreciation of beauty in nature; or again, to mention only one more instance, in his ideal of married life. I experience in a measure the same sympathy when I read some of the poetry of the Upanishads, or certain passages from that greatest of all Hindu poems, the *Bhagavad Gita*. There also the note is struck, which is heard many times in Swami Rama's writings, that only in the unruffled silence of the soul can the divine harmony of the universe be heard.

That blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep

In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

I have quoted this passage of Wordsworth, as it appears to me very near akin to the heart of Swami Rama; and in his fervent love of Nature I can well imagine the author of these lectures during his later days of wandering among the Himalayan mountains echoing those still more famous lines which follow:—

I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often times
The still, and music of humanity
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,

And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth : of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half-create,
And what perceive.

I have not been afraid to quote such passages at full length, for it is, I believe, the poetry of the West rather than its philosophy or science,—especially the poetry of that wonderful Revolution Period in English Literature, which gave birth to Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelly and Keats,—which comes nearest to the heart of India. In the same way, I venture to believe, it will be the poets of Modern India, who are seeking to bring their deeply inherited spiritual instincts of the past into living touch with the new movements of the present. who will come nearest to the heart of the West. Among these poets of modern India I would reckon that remarkable company of religious leaders, who have appeared in different parts of the country during last century, among whom Swami Rama's tender spirit once showed such early promise of fulfilment. From another side of Indian life I would mention, with a sense

of personal gratitude and appreciation, that singularly delicate and beautiful flower, which blossoms in its season,—the poetry of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, whose life of gentle sympathy with the poor has been itself a poem.

In this approximation between India and the West there will remain much that Christian thought cannot finally accept. But there will be much, on the other hand, that will throw light on cherished Christian truths and give them a new setting. I cannot refrain, in this connection, from quoting a passage from Swami Rama's Lectures, which may illustrate my meaning :—

"In the Lord's Prayer", writes Swami Rama, "we say 'Give us this day our daily bread' and in another place we say 'Man shall not live by bread alone'". Reconcile these statements; understand them thoroughly. The meaning of that Lord's Prayer, when it was stated 'Give us this day our daily bread' is not that you should be craving, willing and wishing; not at all. That is not the meaning. The meaning of that was that even a king, an emperor, who is in no danger of not having

his daily bread, even a prince who is sure that his daily bread is guarnteed to him, even he is to offer that prayer. If so, evidently 'Give us this day our daily bread' does not mean that they should put themselves in the begging mood, that they should ask for material prosperity ; it does not mean that. That prayer meant that every body, let him be a prince, a king, a monk, anybody, he is to look upon all these things around him, all the wealth and plenty, all the riches, all the beautiful and attractive objects, as not his, as not belonging to him, but as God's, God's, not mine, not mine. That does not mean begging, but that means renouncing; giving up; renouncing unto God. You know how unreasonable it is on the part of a king to offer that prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bead' if it be taken in its ordinary sense. How unreasonable! But it becomes reasonable enough when the king, while he is offering that prayer, puts himself into the mood where all the jewels in his treasury, all the riches in his house, the house itself, all these he renounces, as it were, he gives them up, he disclaims

them. He breaks connection with them, so to say, and he stands apart from them. He is the monk of monks. He says this is God's; this table, everything lying upon the table is His, not mine; I do not possess anything. Anything that comes to me, comes from my Beloved One."

Such a passage as this, gives, on the one hand, an example of Swami Rama's style, is so simple, so direct, so careless with regard to repetition, if only the meaning can be made clear, and on the other hand, it explains, what I have called the approximation of two different streams of human thought, issuing from two different springs. These in their conjunction should do very much indeed to fertilize the soil in which man's life is sown.

We have, in India, between the Ganges and the Jumna, a tract of country known as the Doab. Between these two waters lie the rich alluvial plains, which are ready for the seed. By means of cross channels channels, cut from one river to another, the whole country between the rivers can be irrigated. Thus an abundant harvest may be gathered

year by year from the well watered soil to satisfy the wants of mankind.

Eastern and Western conceptions of spiritual life are flowing forward to-day like two great rivers which come from different sources. We need those poet-thinkers, both in the West and in the East, who may be able to cut new channels from one river of human experience to another. In this way approximation may be made and the soil of human life enriched and its area enlarged.

Among the different intersecting channels of new thought which are being cut, two appear to me at the present time to be of special significance.

(I) From the one side, the approach made by the West towards the East in what Tennyson has called 'the Higher Pantheism'.

> The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills an the plains,
> Are not these, O soul, the Vision of Him who reigns,
> Is not the Vision He? Though He be not that which He seems,
> Dreams are true while they last and do not we live in dreams?

The ideas, contained in these lines; are still more clearly stated in his later poem, entitled *The Ancient Sage*,—

If thou wouldst hear the Nameless, and wilt dive
Into the Temple-cave of thine own self,
There brooding by the central altar, thou
Mayest haply learn the Nameless has a voice,
By which thou wilt abide, if thou be wise,
As if thou knowest, though can'st not know;
For knowledge is the swallow on the lake
That sees and stirs the surface-shadow there,
But never yet hath dipt into the abysm,
The abysm of all abysms, beneath, within,
The blue of sky and sea, the green of earth,
And in the millionth of a grain
Which cleft and cleft again for evermore,
And ever vanishing, never vanishes,
To me, my son, more mystic than myself,
Or even than the Nameless is to me.
And when thou sendest thy free soul through heaven
Nor understandest bound nor boundlessness
Thou seest the Nameless of the hundred names,
And if the Nameless should withdraw from all,
Thy frailty counts most real, all thy world
Might vanish like thy shadow in the dark.

As we read this and other passages in modern English poetry, we feel as though we

were back in the Upanishads, repeating Indian thoughts uttered centuries ago; and there can be little doubt that India is in a great measure, however indirectly, the source of their inspiration.

At the same time, it is noticeable that along with this conception of an all-prevading Divine nature, there has developed in the West even more clearly and distinctly in modern times the conception of eternally persisting human personality,

> Dark is the world to these ? Thy self art the reason why :
> For is He not all but that, which has power to say 'I am I'

There will always therefore, so it appears to me, be a nearer approximation in the West to the school of Shri Ramanujacharya and the Vishishta Advaita than to the school of Shri Shankaracharya and the Advaita Vedanta itself.

Again, in its negative aspect, the loss of personal identity, or complete absorption, as the final end of the soul, is a conception from which the poets of the West shrink back with

dread, rather than accept with satisfaction. This forms one of the main themes of one of the greatest spiritual poems of the last century, the *In Memoriam*.

That each who seems a separate whole
    Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
    Remerging in the general soul,
Is faith as vague as all unsweet.
    Eternal form shall still divide
    The eternal soul from all beside,
And I shall know him when we meet.

So the poet sings of his dead friend, and again in more passionate accents at the close,

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire
    So far, so near, in woe and weal,
    O loved the most, when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher;
Known and unknown; human, divine;
    Sweet human hand and lips and eye;
    Dear human friend, that cannot die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine,

Thus the modern West to-day expresses the conviction which for century after century it has cherished, that love is eternal,

Love is and was my king and lord,
    And will be, though as yet I keep

Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompassed by his faithful guard
And hear at times a sentinel.
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space
In the deep night, that all is well.

It is again this central conviction of the eternity and ultimate reality of Love, involving both personal union and personal distinction between subject and object, that forms the burden of the poetry of Browning, the most virile and forceful of modern English poets,—

For Life, with all its yield of joy and woe
And hope and fear—believe the aged friend—
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is.

There is a certain danger in this emphasis as personality in its individual forms and it has led some times in the West both to self-assertion and to individualism of a selfish type. It may well be the case that it needs some balance and correction, and that the general trend of thought in the East, which seems to us, Westerners, so 'impersonal' and lacking in 'individuality' may be the true corrective needed. But one thing is certain. The

West will never accept as finally satisfying any philosophy, which does not allow it to believe that love between human souls may be an eternal reality.

(*ii*) From the side of the East, there is the approach made towards the West in what both Swami Vivekanada and Swami Rama Tirtha have called by the title of 'Practical Vedanta,' the approximation, that is to say, of the modern Advaita Vèdanta to the spirit of Christian Philanthropy in its social and national applications. Here again the approach may well have its limits, and the social and national development of the East under the new Hindu impulse may differ both in kind and in degree from that of Europe under the Christian training of nearly two thousand years.

I do not wish to be understood to imply that the approximation in each case is conscious and deliberate. On the contrary, on both sides it appears to be almost unconscious and often unexpected, a mingling of two atmospheres that have drawn together (if I may be permitted to change my metaphor) rather

than the conscious acceptance of any new definitions or formulae. Many on either side would even repudiate the fact that connection or approximation existed; but those who look beneath the surface, and have watched the trend of ideas both in the East and in the West, tell us clearly that such an intermingling is actually taking place, and with marked effects.

It is because Swami Rama Tirtha was so singularly fitted to make some of these advances towards approximation, and to interpret Indian thought to the West, that I hold this series of lectures to be of value to my own countrymen as well as to Indians themselves. I would wish to do all in my power to preserve the memory of Swami Rama fresh and green. Such a memory should be an inspiration both to those who knew and loved him and also to the younger student life of India which has grown up since he passed away. May this be the result of the publication of this book!

In conclusion, I would again thank in all sincerity and gratitude the friends of Swami

Rama Tirtha who have so kindly requested me to join with them in introducing these lectures to the public. It is a mark of confidence, which I deeply appreciate; and I trust that in any criticisms I have set down, in order to make clear my own position, I have not departed from that spirit of wide-hearted charity and kindness which was so marked a feature in the author of the book himself. I do not endorse the Swami's views in many cases; as I have shown they differ widly from my own, —but as an earnest effort after truth and as the expression of a singularly loving and lovable spirit, I would wish them a wide perusal. May the Holy Spirit of Truth Himself lead us into all the truth!

DELHI. }
1909 A. D. } C. F. ANDREWS.

APPRECIATION.

by

REV. C. F. ANDREWS, M. A.

(*The Renaissance in India*)

........Another personality, in many ways far more attractive than that of Vivekananda, carrried on the same movement of the new Vedanta in the north. Swami Rama Tirtha was a Brahman, brought up in extreme poverty at Lahore, where he gained his education at the Foreman Christian College and became, after a brilliant University career, a Professor of Mathematics. His heart, however, was wholly given to religion, and he left his College work to become a wandering monk and preacher. He was into the wildest regions of the Himalayas, where he lived alone with Nature. A vein of true peotry ran through his character, and his buoyant joyfulness of disposition carried him through the severest hardships and privations. I was asked by his disciple Swami Narayana to write an Intro-

duction to his public writings, and I did so with the greatest readiness; for the Christian note is much stronger in them than in those of Vivekananda. Compare, for instance, the following comments on the Lord's prayer with the crude mistake concerning the words 'which art in heaven' that I have already quoted from Vivekananda's writings.

"In the Lord's prayer," writes Swami Rama Tirtha, "we say 'give us this day our daily bread,' and in another place we say 'man shall not live by bread alone,' reconsider these statements: understand them thoroughly. The meaning of the Lord's prayer is not that you should be craving, wishing: not at all. The meaning of that prayer is such that even a king, an emperor, who is in no danger of not having his daily bread, may offer it. If so, evidently 'Give us this day our daily bread' does not mean that we should put ourselves in a begging mood, that we should ask for material prosperity; not that. The prayer means that everybody, let him be a prince, a king, a monk, is to look upon all these things around him, all the wealth and plenty, as not

his but God's; not mine, not mine. That does not mean begging, but renouncing giving up; renouncing everything unto God. The king while he is offering that prayer puts himself into that mood where all the jewels of his treasury, all the riches in his house, the house itself, all these he renounces, he gives them up, he disclaims them. He is, in offering this prayer, the monk of monks. He says 'This is God's : this table, everything on this table is His, not mine : I do not possess anything. Anything that comes to me comes from my Beloved one'."

Swami Rama Tirtha was drowned in one of the rivers of the Punjab, (United Provinces of Agra and Oudh—Ed.) just when his religious genius seemed to be about to bear its richest fruit. The work of such wandering religious preachers, who form a link between the new and the old, can hardly be overestimated. They rarely take up, as in the case of Swami Dayanand, the position of puritan reform and 'root and branch' destruction of recognised religious evils, but they are sufficiently in touch with modern culture to see clearly that

Hinduism requires a reformation from within, and they play an important part in bringing this about. To refer to a parallel in European history, they are performing within orthodox Hinduism the work of a counter reformation, not wholly dissimilar from that which Ignatius Loyola undertook in Europe in the sixteenth century.

THE POLE STAR WITHIN.

HAPPINESS WITHIN.

(Lecture delivered on December 17, 1902, in the Academy of Sciences, San Francisco.)

My own Self in the form of ladies and gentlemen,

Rama does not blame Europeon or Christian nations for their cohorts and armies to conquer other nations; that is also a stage in the spiritual development of a nation, which is at one time necessary. India had to pass through that stage; but India being a very old nation has weighed the riches of the world in the balance and found them wanting; and the same will be the experience of these nations that are in these days for accumulating world prosperity and riches. Why are all these nations trying to march cohorts to conquer other nations? What do they seek in all that? The only thing sought is happiness, joy, pleasure. It is true that some people say they do not seek happiness but knowledge. Others say that they seek not

happiness; they seek action. That is all very good; but examine the hearts and minds of average men, or of ordinary mortals. You will find that the ultimate goal which they all set before them, the ultimate goal they all seek directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously, is happiness, nothing but happiness.

Let us examine this evening where happiness resides, whether happiness lives in the palace or the cottage, whether happiness dwells in the charms of women or in things that gold and siver can buy. Where is the native home of happiness? Happiness has also a history of its own. These are great travelling days; steam and electricity have annihilated time and space, great travelling days these are, and everybody writes an account of his travels. Happiness also travels. Let us have something of the travels of happiness.

We start with the first glimpse of happiness that a child has in his infancy. All the happiness in this world is for the child located in the skirt of the mother, or in the

bosom of the dear mother. All the happiness is located there. This is the first stage on the main road which happiness has to travel along, the mother's skirt, the mother's bosom, say. To the infant there is nothing in this world which brings happiness so much as the mother's bosom. The child hides his face behind the skirts of the mother and there he says, "Look! look! find me out! Where am I?"; and he laughs heartily. He laughs with all his heart and soul. Books are meaningless to the child; treasures are useless to him. Fruits and sweets have no taste for the child that has not yet been weaned. The whole world of pleasure is, for the child, concentrated there.

A year passes and the happiness of the child changes its centre; it moves on to something else. The residence of happiness now becomes the toys, the beautiful toys, pollies and dollies. In the second stage, the child does not like the mother so much as he likes his own toys. Sometimes the child quarrels with the dear, dear mother, for the sake of toys, for the sake of dollies.

A few months or years more, and no more is his happiness in the pollies and dollies ; it has shifted its centre again, it is no longer located in these things. In the third stage, when the child grows up to be a boy, happiness is located, for him, in books, especially in story-books. This is the case with an ordinary intelligent child; sometimes happiness is in other things, but we are taking an ordinary case. Now, the story-books engross all the love and affection of the boy. Now the toys, dollies and pollies lose their charms; story-books take their place, and he finds books beautiful and attractive. But happiness travels on.

The school-boy enters the College, and in College life, his happiness is found in something else, say, in scientific books and philosophical works. He reads them for sometime, but his happiness has travelled from books to the thoughts of seeking Honours in the University ; his desire is the residence of his happiness, the headquarters of his joy. The student comes out of the University with flying colours. He gets a

lucrative post and the happiness of this young man is centred in money, in riches. Now, the one dream of his life is to accumulate riches, to be rich. He wants to become a big man, to amass a large fortune. When he gets some wealth after working in the office for a few months, his happiness passes on into something else. What is that? Need that be told? It is woman. Now, the young man wants to have a wife, and for the sake of a wife, he is ready to spend away his riches. The mother's skirt no longer gives him any happiness; the toys have no charm for him; the story-books are cast aside, and they are read only on those occasions when they are expected to give him some insight into the nature of that dream of his life—the woman. He is all a sacrifice for the sake of his wife. Hard-earned riches are cast to the winds for the sake of petty whims of what is now the headquarters of his happiness. The young man lives for sometime with the woman, and lo! the happiness is sighted a little yonder. The pleasure he could derive from the thought of his wife in the beginning, he

no longer gets now. Taking the case of an ordinary youth, an ordinary youth of East India, the happiness of the youth now passes from the woman on to the coming child. Now a child becomes the dream of his life. He wants to have a child, an angel, a seraph, a cherub in his house. Rama knows not much of the state of affairs in this country; but in India, after marrying, people wish and pray to God and yearn for a child. They do all that lies in their power, to seek the aid of doctors and to invoke the blessings of holy men; all that they can do, they do, in order to be blessed with a child.

In the expectation of the child, concentrates all the happiness of the youth. The child is in the sixth stage in the tavels of happiness, in the march of joy. The youth is then blessed with a child. His joy knows no bounds; he is full of spirits, he springs up to his feet; he is elated; he is as it were, raised above the earth many feet; he does not walk, he swims in the air so to speak. His soul is full of happiness when he gets a child. In the sixth stage, in the moon-faced child, the

happiness of the grown up child has reached in a way its acme. The intensest happiness is when he sees the face of his child. The happiness of an ordinary man has reached its zenith. After that, the youth begins to decline in spirits, the child becomes a grown up boy and the charm is lost. The happiness of this man will go on travelling from object to object, sometimes located in this thing, at other times residing in that thing. But the intensity of happiness in the objects with an ordinary man will be not so strong, as it is in the love of his own child.

Let us now examine whether happiness really dwells in objects like these—the mother's skirt, dollies and pollies, books, riches, woman, child, or any object and anything of this world at all. Before proceeding further, let us liken the travelling happiness to the travelling Sun-light. Sunshine also travels from place to place. It is one time shining over India, and at another time on Europe. It travels on, When the shades of evening fall, see how rapidly the Sunsnine shifts away from place to place. It shines on eastern

America and it travels on to its west. See how the Sunlight goes skipping on tiptoe, slipping on from land to land, and is then seen spreading its lustre on Japan and so on. The Sunshine travels on from place to place. But all these different places where the Sunshine is seen are not the source, the home of Sunshine. The home of Sunshine must be somewhere else; the home of Sunshine is the Sun. Similarly let us examine happiness which goes on travelling from object to object like the Sunshine. Whence does it proceed? Where is its real home? Let us look at "the Sun of happiness," as it were.

Take the case of the gentleman who has been blessed with a child. This gentleman is sitting in his office. He is busy with his official duties, and all of a sudden he hears the ding ding of the bell. What bell? The telephone bell. He jumps up to his feet and goes to the telephone, but when he is about to hear what the message may be, his heart beats. They say, coming calamities cast their shadows before. His heart beats, never was it so with him before. He reaches up to the

telephone and hears a message. Oh, what a distressing message it must have been! The gentleman was panting and sobbing; he lost all presence of mind; his cheeks lost all colour; with a pallid, cadaverous face he came rapidly to his seat, put on his cloak and hat, and went out from the office as if he were shot like a ball from a gun. He did not even ask the consent of the chief officer, the head of the department. He did not even exchange a word with the servants in the room. He did not even lock up the papers that were lying on the desk; he lost all presence of mind and went straight out of the office. All his fellow-officials were astounded. He reached the streets and saw a car running before him, he ran up to the car and there he meets a postman who gives him a letter. This letter brought to him the happy news, if it can be called happy news from the worldly point of view, the happy news of a large fortune having fallen to his lot. The man had bought a share in a lottery, and about $ 10,000 had fallen to his lot. This news ought to have cheered him up, ought to have filled him with

joy, but it didn't, it didn't. The message he had received over the telephone was weighing heavily on his heart. This news brought him no pleasure. He found in the same car one of the greatest officials in the State, sitting just in front of him. This was an official to have an interview with whom had been the one dream of his life. But look here. This gentleman did not exchange glances with the official; he turned his head away. He also noticed the sweet face of a lady friend. It had been the ambition of this gentleman's life to meet her and exchange words with her, but now he was insensible to her sunny smiles. Well, we ought not to keep him in a state of suspense so long, nor should you be kept in a state of suspense any longer. He reached the street where his house was located and a great noise and tumult was there, and he saw clouds of smoke rising to the sky and veiling the Sun. He saw tongues of fire going up to the heavens; he saw his wife, grand-mother, mother and other friends weeping and bewailing the conflagration which was consuming their house. He saw all his friends

there but missed one thing; he missed the then metropolis of his happiness; he missed the dear little baby, he missed the sweet little child. *That* was not there. He asked about the child, and the wife could make no answer. She simply answerd by sobbing and crying; she could make no articulate answer. He found out the truth. He came to know that the child had been left in the house. The child was with the nurse at the time when the fire began; the nurse had placed the child in the cradle, the child was asleep and the nurse had left the room. Now the inmates of the house being panic-stricken at the sight of the fire consuming the house, had quitted the house in haste, each thinking that the child must be with some other inmate of the house. All of them came out, and now they found that the child was left in the room which was then being enveloped by fire. There was crying and gnashing of teeth, cutting of lips, beating of breasts, but no help. Here, this genteman, his wife, his mother and friends, and the nurse were crying aloud to the people, to the standers-by, to the policemen, and

asking them to save their child, to rescue their dear, little baby. "Save our little dear child any way you can. We will give away all our property, we shall give away all the wealth that we may accumulate within ten years from to-day, we will give up all; save our child, save our child." (You will remember that this incident took place in a country, where Fire Insurance Companies are not existent to the same extent that they are in this country.) They are willing to give up every thing for the sake of the child. Indeed, the child is a sweet thing, the dear little baby is a very sweet thing, and it is worthwhile to sacrifice all the property, all our wealth and all our interest for the sake of the child. But Rama asks one thing, "Is the child the source of happiness, the sweetest thing in the world, or is the source of happiness somewhere else?" Mark here. Everything is being sacrificed for the child, but is not the child itself being sacrificed for something higher, or for something else? Wealth is given away, riches are given away, property is given away for the child, but the child

is being given away for something else. Even the lives of those people who may venture to jump into the fire may be lost. But even that dear little child is being sacrificed for something else, for something higher, and that something else must of necessity be sweeter than the child, that something else must be the real centre of happiness, must be real source of happiness, and what is that something? Just see. *They* did not jump into the fire themselves. That something is the Self. If they jump into the fire themselves, they sacrifice themselves and that they are not prepared to do. On the child is everything else sacrificed, and on that Self is the child sacrificed.

We see now that highest stage of happiness, the child, has not happiness in itself. The child is beautiful, lovely and the source of happiness, because the child is blessed with the Sunshine which proceeds from the Self; that Sunshine was not inherent in the child itself. If that Sunshine of happiness had been inherent in the child, it would have lasted in the person of the child for ever. Notice, that

the Sunshine which brightened the face of the child proceeded from the source within. The source was within the Self.

Here we come a little nearer to the source of happiness, to the home of happiness. Not for the sake of the child is the child dear, the child is dear for the sake of the Self. Not for the sake of the wife is wife dear, not for the sake of the husband is husband dear; the wife is dear for the sake of the Self; the husband is dear for the sake of the Self. This is the truth. People say they love a thing for its own sake. But this cannot be; this cannot be. Nor for the sake of the wealth is wealth dear, wealth is dear for the sake of the Self. When the wife who was dear at one time, does not serve the interests of the husband, she is divorced; when the husband who was dear at one time, does, not serve the interests of the wife, he is divorced. When wealth does not serve the purpose, it is given up. You know the case of Nero. He did not see that, that beautiful Rome, that metropolis of his, was of much interest to him, was of much use to him. To him, it was of greater interest to see a conflagration;

to him it was of more interest to see a big bonfire. Look here. He went up to the top of an adjoining hill and asked his friends to go and set the whole city on fire in order that he might enjoy the sight of a grand conflagration. Here was he fiddling while Rome was burning. Thus we see that even wealth is divorced, given up, when it does not serve our interests. Rama was an eyewitness of a very strange phenomenon—a very curious phenomenon. There was a great flood, a great inundation of the river Ganges, and the river went on rising. On the branches of a tree were sitting several monkeys; there was a female-monkey and some children of this female-monkey. All these children came up to the monkey. The water rose up to the place where the monkey was seated. Then the she-monkey jumped up to a higher branch; the water came up to that place. The female-monkey came up to the highest top-branch, and the water rose up even to that place. All the children were clinging to the body of this female-monkey. The water reached her feet; then she just took hold of one child, one baby monkey, and

placed it underneath her feet. The water rose still higher, and then this female-monkey took hold of another child and placed it under her feet. The water still rose; and the third child was also taken up and mercilessly placed under her feet to save herself, Just so it is. People and things are dear to us as long as they serve our interests, our purposes. The very moment that our interests are at stake, we sacrifice everything.

Thus we come to the conclusion that the seat of happiness, the source of happiness is somewhere within the self. The home of happiness is somewhere in the Self, but where is it? Is it in the feet? The feet support the whole body, it may be in the feet, but no, it is not in the feet. Had it been in the feet, the feet ought to have been the dearest thing in the world. Of course the feet are dearer than anything else outside, but they are not so dear as the hands are. Is the home of happiness in the hands? The hands are dearer than the feet, but they are not the home of happiness. Then, is happiness located in the nose or in the eye? The eyes are dearer than the

hands or the nose, but happiness is not located in them. Think of something that is dearer even than the eyes. You might say it is the life. I say take the whole body first. The whole is not the home of happiness. We see that this whole body we are changing every moment. In several years, every particle of the body is replaced by a new particle. It may be in the intellect, in the brain, in the mind. It may be there. But let us see if there is not something even dearer than the intellect. Let us examine that. If there be something which is dearer and sweeter even than the intellect, then, that may be the home of happiness. We say that life, or as the Hindus put it, *prana*, may be the source of happiness, because often-times people want to live even at the sacrifice of their reasoning powers. Here is a choice between two alternatives, die altogether, or live as a crazy, lunatic man. Everybody will choose the the alternative of life, even in a crazy, lunatic frame. Thus we see that intellect or intelligence is sacrificed at the altar of life. Then life, personal life, this may be the home of happi-

ness, the sun from which all happiness emanates. Just examine whether life is really the home of happiness or not. Vedanta says: No! No! Even life is not the home of happiness. The home of happiness, the Heaven within is higher up still; even beyond individual, personal life. Where is it then?

Rama once saw a young man at the point of death. He was suffering from a very bad disease. There was excruciating pain in his body. The pain began in the toes of the feet. At first it was not so great, but after a while it kept coming up, and then his body was undergoing a hysterical movement. Gradually the pain came up to the knees, and then rose higher, until that dreadful pain reached the stomach, and when the pain reached the heart, the man died. The last words this young man uttered were these, "Oh, when shall this life leave me, when shall these *pranas* leave me!" These were the words of that body. You know, in this country, you say he gave up the ghost. In India, we say he gave up the body. This shows the difference. Here the body is looked upon as the self and

the ghost is looked upon as something tacked on. In India the body is looked upon as something foreign to the spirit; the real Self is looked upon as the reality. There, when the body dies, no body believes that he dies; the body changes, *he* does not perish. And so, the words that escaped the lips of that youth were, "Oh, when shall I give up this life; when shall this *prana* leave me!"

Here we have something higher even than life; something superior to *prana*, something which says "My life," something which says "My *prana*," something which possesses the *prana* and is above the *prana* or life, and that something is sweeter by far than the individual, personal life or *prana*. Here we see that the *prana* or life, in that particular body, did not serve interests of the higher self, of the self higher than *prana*, and the *prana* or life was sacrificed; the *prana* or life was thrown off. Here we see something which is superior to the *prana* or life, for which the life is sacrificed. This must be, by all means, sweeter by far than life even and that must be the home of *anand* or pleasure;

that must be the source, the origin of our joy. Now, we see, why *prana* or life is sweeter than intellect; because *pranas* are nearer to the real Self, the Self within. Why is it that the intellect is sweeter than the eyes? Because the intellect is nearer to the real Self than the eyes. And why is it that the eyes are dearer than the feet? Because the eyes partake more of the real Self in you than the feet do. Why is it that everybody looks upon his child as being far more beautiful than the child of somebody else, of his neighbour? Vedanta says, "Because this particular child you call 'mine' you have gilded a little with the gold of you real Self." Any book in which you may write a line of your own, any work that contains something contributed by your pen, appears to you to be far more worthy than any other book, even if it came from the pen of Plato. Why is it? Because this book which you call 'mine' has the sunshine of your real Self in it. It is blessed with the sunshine of Heaven within. Thus the Hindu says that the bliss, the real metropolis of happiness, is within you.

All Heaven is within you, the source of all pleasure is within you. This being the case, how unreasonable it is to seek happiness elsewhere!

In India, we have this story about a lover. He pined for his beloved one; all his body was reduced to a veritable skeleton; all his flesh was dried up, so to say. The king of the country in which this young man lived brought him into his court one day, and he also brought the lady-love of the young man into his presence. The king saw that the woman was very ugly. The king then brought before this lover all the fair damsels that adorned his court, and asked this lover to choose one of the these. This man said, "O *Shah*! O king! O king! Don't make a fool of yourself. O king! you know, love makes a man very blind. O king! you have no eyes to see. Look at her with my eyes, and then say whether she is fair or ugly. Look at her with my eyes." This is the secret of all the charms in this world, That is all. That is the secret of all the fascination of the attractive objects in the world O man! you

yourself make all objects attractive by your looks. Looking at it with those eyes you yourself shed your lustre upon the subject, and then you fall in love with it. We read the story of Echo in Grecian mythology. She fell in love with her own image. So it is with all charms; they are simply the image of Self within you, the Heaven within you. They are simply your shadow. Nothing else. That being the case, how unreasonable it is to hunt after your own shadow.

Rama knows of the case of a little child, a small baby that had just learnt to crawl, to walk on all fours. The child saw its shadow and thought it to be something strange, something remarkable. The child wanted to catch hold of the head of the shadow; it began to crawl to the head of the shadow and the shadow also crawled. The child moved and the shadow also moved. The child began to cry because he could not catch the head of the shadow. The child falls down, the shadow is with it; the child rises up and begins to hunt for the shadow. In the meantime, the mother taking mercy on the child made

the child touched his own head, and lo! the head of this shadow was also caught. Catch hold of your own head and the shadow is also caught. Heaven and hell are within you. The source of power, joy and life is within you. The God of men and nature and nations is within you. O people of the world! listen, listen. This is a lesson worthy of being proclaimed from the house-tops, in all the crossing of big cities, in all the thoroughfares. This is a lesson worthy of being proclaimed at the top of the voice. If you want to realise an object, if you want to get anything, do not hunt after the shadow. Touch your own head. Go within you. Realise this and you will see that the stars are your handiwork, you will see that all the objects of love, all the bewitching and fascinating things are simply your own reflection or shadow. How unreasonable it is that.

"For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbless we earn with a whole soul's tasking."

There is a beautiful story about a woman in India. She lost her needle in her house.

She was too poor to afford a light in her house, so she went out of the house and was searching in the streets. Somebody asked her what she was searching for in the streets. She said that she was searching for her needle. The gentleman asked, "Where did you lose the needle?" She said, "In the house." He said, "How unreasonable it is to search in the street for a thing which was lost in the house!" She said that she could not afford a light in the house and there was a lantern in the street. She could not hunt in the house, she had to do something, so she must hunt in the street.

This is exactly the way with the people. You have the Heaven within you; and yet you are searching pleasures in the objects in the streets, searching that thing outside, outside in the objects of the senses. How strange!

There is another very beautiful story extant in India about a crazy man. He came up to the boys of the street and told them that the Mayor of the city was preparing a grand, royal feast, and had invited all the

children to partake of the feast. You know, children like candies and sweets. The children being assured by this crazy man of the feast, arranged by the Mayor, ran to the house of the Mayor, but there was no feast at all: nothing of the kind. The children were baffled; they were put out of countenance for a while, and there was *hansi* (laughing), and the children said to him, "How is it Mr.—that you too came when you knew that this story which you told was wrong?" He said, "Lest there be a real feast, lest the story be true and I miss it." For this reason, because he did not wish to miss it, he also followed the boys.

Exactly the same is the case of those who by their imagination, by their own benediction you may say, make flowers beautiful, make everything desirable by their own imagination, like the crazy man, and then they want to run after it, so that they may not miss it.

CONCLUSION.

Realise the Heaven within you, and all at once all the desires are fulfilled, all the misery and suffering is put an end to.

"Lo! the trees of the wood are my next of kin.
And the rocks alive with what beats in me.
The clay is my flesh, and the fox my skin.
I am fierce with the gadfly and sweet with the bee
The flower is naught but the bloom of my love,
And the waters run down in the tune I dream.
The Sun is my flower, uphung above.
I cannot die, though forever death.
Weave back and fro in the warp of me.
I was never born, yet my births of breath
Are as many as waves on the sleepless sea."

Oh, Heaven is within you, seek Happiness not in the objects of sense; realise that Happiness is within yourself.

Om! Om!

EXPANSION OF SELF

(Lecture delievered on December 16, 1902, in the Academy of Sciences, San Francisco.)

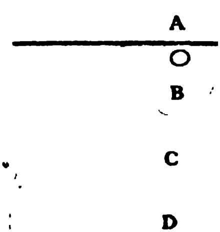
My own Self in the form of ladies and gentlemen,

Subject.

To-night we are going to hear something on the *Expansion of Self*; you might say on the degree of life, the grades of spiritual advancement, or you might call the subject, degrees in the refinement of selfishness. Perhaps the conclusion arrived at will be sterfling.

Circles.

The diagram that you see before you consists of a straight line and circles. You will say, "what is the use of these? What have circles to do with the unfoldment of the Self?" Some are saying in their hearts—These are not circles, they are very crooked, they are rather ellipses.



But these circles are to denote classes of life which are not exactly circular, which are crooked and elliptical, so to say, and that justifies the imperfection of the circles; they exactly represent in their deviation and in their imperfection what they have to indicate.

Before beginning with what life is, and the degrees of life, we shall have to say a few words about these circles.

Here is the minutest circle, a very small speck. It ought to have been made even smaller than that, but fearing that if it were smaller it could not be seen, it is drawn large enough to be visible. There we have beyond this a second circle, larger than the minute baby circle, and outside that a third one and then there is the fourth one. One peculiarity of them is that as the circle goes on expanding, enlarging, the centre of the circle goes on receding from the starting point A, on the straight line which is a common tangent to all the circles. The centre recedes, the radius increases and the circle enlarges. If the centre of the circle is very near to the starting point A, and it is made nearer and nearer still until

it coincides with the starting point, the circle becomes a point. Thus a point is the limiting position of a circle, of which the centre has come extremely near to the starting point, and when the centre goes on receding from the starting point, the radius goes on increasing and increasing until it becomes infinite; or the centre moves up to infinity, then the circle becomes a straight line. Thus a straight line is the limiting position of a circle, of which the centre moves up to infinity, or of which the radius is infinite.

Another peculiarity we notice is that the greater the circle, the nearer it becomes to the tangent straight line and its curvature goes on decreasing as the circle goes on increasiug. Thus we mark that the larger circle with centre D is, at the point A, very much more like the straight line than the internal circle with centre C is, and then this internal circle is more like a straight line than the circle with centre B, which falls within it. This is why the earth, although really spherical, appears flat when you look at any part of it, the sectional circles of the

earth being infinitely large for the naked eye. This will do for the circles.

Life. Life! What is the characteristic feature of life? What is it that distinguishes life from inanimation or want of life? It is motion, energy or activity. This is the popular way of looking at the question. The definitions of life given by Science can also be summed up in this definition. A living man can move forth, walk about, do all sorts of things. A dead mummy cannot manifest these forms of energy or this motion, these movements which the living man displays; a dead animal cannot move about; the living animal walks, runs, does all sorts of things. The dead plant cannot grow; it is devoid of motion, devoid of activity entirely. A living plant grows, exhibits motion.

Grades of Life. We see again that generally four distinctions are made in the degrees of Life, or this world is divided into four principal kingdoms: the mineral, the vegetable, the animal kingdoms and man. In this we see that man exhibits, manifests more

energy, more motion, a higher kind of movement than animals do. Animals can simply walk about, run or ascend mountains, but man does all these things and much more. He does many other things. He displays or shows motion and energy to a higher degree. By means of telescopes he can reach the stars. Animals cannot do that. Man can control the animals. He annihilates time and space by means of steam and electricity. He acquires rapidity unknown to animals. He can send messages instantaneously to any part of the world. He can navigate in the air. This is man's motion, man's energy, manifestation of power in the world A nimals fall short of man in manifesting or exhibiting energy and we see that animals are lower down in the scale of life than man.

Again, compare the vegetable kingdom with the animal kingdom. Vegetables also grow. They move, but their motion is only in one dimension, they can move up in one line, they cannot move from this place to that, they are fixed to one spot. They send forth their branches in all directions and strike

their roots very deep; but the manifestation or display of energy in the case of vegetables is far inferior to what it is in the animal kingdom, and there we see vegetables are lower down in the scale of life than animals. Minerals have no life in them. Indeed, if we define Life in the same way as Biologists do, then they have no life. But if we mark the grades of life by the revelation and manifestation of energy, we might say that minerals also do manifest a kind of motion; they also do undergo a change; change is indispensable for them, too.

Thus they also have very small traces of life in them, but their life is very insignificant, being at the bottom of the scale, because the activity, the motion, the energy betrayed by them is insignificant, in finitesimal. Thus it is clear that life which is characterized by motion is graded in accordance with the degrees of motion or energy.

Nature Repeats Itself.

Now, in Nature, the plan is that there should be nothing new under the Sun. We mark that despite this apparent variety, in spite of all this

outward multiformity, Nature or the Universe is very poor. The same Law which governs the trickling down of a tear from the lover's eye also groverns the revolutions of suns and stars. From the minutest atom to the remotest star, we find the same simple laws which might be counted on the fingers controlling and governing everything. Nature repeats itself over and over again. This Universe might be compared to a screw or spiral, of which every thread is of the same fashion, or it might be compared to an onion. Take one sheath out and we have another sheath of the same kind; then take that out and we find another of the same kind; peel that off and you have another sheath of the same pattern. In just the same way, what we have in the whole year, we have on a miniature scale during every twenty-four hours. The morning time might be compared to the spring season. The noon might be compared to the summer season. The afternoon and the evening might well compare with the autumn, and the night might be compared to winter. Here we have in

twenty-four hours the whole year reproduced on a miniature scale. Man, in embryo, repeats with marvellous rapidity all the past experience of life-forms which it inhabited before assuming the human form. The shapes of fish, dog, monkey, etc., are all, one after the other, assumed by the fœtus in the ovum, before reaching the form of man-child. Thus, in accordance with the usual plan of evolution, according to the general law which governs the whole world, we want to find out if in the body or form of man there be practically the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms reproduced.

In the form ef man, are there not people who are. as it were, minerals? In the form of man, are there not persons who are in the state of the vegetable kingdom, and are there not people in the shape of man who are in the state of the animal kingdom?

In the shape of man, let us see if there be men who are really men, aud in the form of man; let us see if there be men who are gods.

First, we shall take up the moral and

Mineral-Men. spiritual minerals. The mineral kingdom manifests no motion apparently; it exhibits no energy outwardly, but nevertheless it has some kind of energy, some kind of activity, some kind of motion, because we see minerals undergo change, there is disintegration and development even in the minerals. They crystallize and grow. This earth, which we look upon as stable, when compared with the sea, this solid-seeming earth rises, falls, undergoes undulations, changes. Thus minerals also have some kind of motion in them, though exceedingly unnoticeable.

Now, who are those in the shape of man that have only the same kind of motion as minerals? In other worlds, who have the same kind of motion as a child's spindle or top has? A spindle or top turns, goes round and round, it moves, and when it is revolving vehemently, the children come up and clap their hands and rejoice, saying: It is stationary! It is stationary! It does not move! It does not move! This is self-centred motion. Motion we have, revolving

motion, but the centre of revolution lies within the body, and even when the motion is most violent, seemingly there is no motion at all. We might compare the life-motion of the minerals to the motion of a spindle or top, and represent it on the blackboard by the smallest circle, the point-circle.

You know, all motion in this world is in circles, no motion in a straight line; all Science proves that. For this reason we will make use of circles to represent the manifestation of motion. In Mathematics motion is represented by lines; in the present case circular lines will best serve the purpose.

So we have mineral life possessed of a motion comparable to spindle-motion. It may be best represented in the figure before you by this minutest circle which might be called a point. Who are those among men whose motion is like the motion of a top, whose circle or orbit of movement is simply a point, whose life is the life of minerals? Just reflect. Evidently these are men, all of whose actions are centred around a little point, a false self, the little quarantine of a

body, three and a half cubits long. They are selfish in the lowest sense of the world. These are people whose all actions are directed, towards sensuous enjoyment. These people work in different lines, do all sorts of labour, but the object is simply to seek debasing pleasures. These are people who care not if their wife snd children starve ; they care not whether their neighbours perish or live ; at all costs they must drink, they must make merry, they must obey the dictates of the lower nature. Their demoralizing needs must be satisfied, even if it be at the sacrifice of the interests of their family and community. Let the wife and children starve, they care not, if only their cravings of the flesh are gratified. The centre of all their movements, the focus round which they turn, the sun round which they revolve, the centre of their orbit is simply the little body. Their activity or motion is dead motion. This is the mineral life in man. We have had in the history of the world very beautiful and precious minerals in the shape of man. You know, diamonds also belong to the mineral kingdom ; rubies, pears, jewels

and all sorts of precious stones also belong to the same kindom.

There was a time in the history of Rome, when we had Nero, Tiberius and other Cæsars, to mention whose name is to contaminate your ears. We have had mighty rulers, emperors, very precious minerals but minerals only, not men. What would you think of these emperors, emperors of the whole world that was known to them, and yet caring not a straw far the interests of their State, who took no thought about their relatives and friends, but who must satisfy their animal passions, no matter what happens to their queens, subjects and friends You have heard about them, about the crimes they committed. There was one of them who fell a victim to the passion of eating delicious things the whole day long. When he partook of a most delicious dish, he ate and ate tin nature rebelled. With the help of medicines everything was vomited, and when the stomach was relieved, he would return to the table again. This process was repeated over and over again in a single day. One of them burned the capital of the world to gratify his

desire of seeing a big conflagration. What do you think of this? These were precious jewels, diamonds, no doubt, but not men. These are minerals in the kingdom of man.

We come now to the state of vegetables in the form of man. Their circle is larger than the grossly selfish little circle of the mineral-man. Their circle is larger and these people are much higher than the mineral-man. Their activity might be compared to the motion of a race-horse. The race-horse describes a larger circle than the spindle or top does. Their circle is represented in the diagram by the second circle of which the centre is B. Who are these people? These people do not pursue their work simply to satisfy the taste of the flesh at the expense of everybody else's interest. They take into consideration the good of some other associates. These are people who turn round their wife and children, the domestic circle. They are far superior to the selfish mineral-men, because these people not only advance the good of their own body, but they advance also the cause of their wife and children. The second circle

Vegetable-Men.

includes many smaller circles, so do these people advance the good of many little selves beside their own little self, but should they be called unselfish? No, no; in the case of these people the self is expanded only a little. In the case of the mineral-men, the self was limited to this little body; and in the case of these people, the self is practically indentified with the domestic circle, their wife and children: That is also selfishness but selfishness refined a little. They are very good people so far as they go, but just look at this second circle which represents them. It is concave towards all inside it. What is concavity? Concavity is folding and clasping in the arms of love. Let us with our stretched arms form a circle. This is concavity. This circle is concave for the members of family, it is turned towards all the points that it embraces, but it turns its back to the whole universe without it.

These people are very good so far as they go, so far as their concavity or extended arms go; but they turn their back to the whole universe. The selfishness of these people moving in the second circle of the vegetable

man becomes evident when the interests of one family clash with the interests of any other family, and then there is strife and discord wrought by them between all the members of one family and all the members of another family.

Animal-men.

Next we come to the third circle. These are animal men, animals in the form of man. This third circle, represented in the figure with the centre C, is larger than the preceding two. It might be compared to the circle described by monsoons or trade winds. It represents people who have identified their self with something higher than this little body or the domestic circle. These people identify their self with their class or sect, or their state. They are sectarians, people who identify their self with a caste or craft. They are very good, very useful indeed, far more useful than the vegetable-men are. Their centre is beyond the little body. It is at a much higher, wider expanse than the centre of the vegetable man. The radius of revolution in their case is longer. Welcome are these people. You see their usefulness extends to

many families and individuals. They are useful to the people they embrace within the arms of love. They are useful to the people to whom their attitude is that of concavity. These people advance the good not only of their little body, not only of one house or family, but they advance the good of the whole class or sect with which they have identified their self; they are very useful. Are they also selfish? Why, yes; selfish they also are. They seek to benefit their own self which is identified with their sect, at the cost of other sects or castes. If you want to see the shortcomings in them, you will have simply to mark their attitude towards all the points outside their circle. They turn their back to all that is without. When they crystallize and stereotype their sectarianism, woe unto them that do not accept their version of truth. Here is one class, and there is another class, another circle of the same kind. These being turned against each other, all the individuals belonging to the first class are at war and at daggers drawn with all the individuals represented by the second class. Look here, if

they do good to some, they do as much michief, if not more, by declaring war upon all other communities and rival sects. One whole sect quarrelling and fighting with a whole sect on the other side. How much discontent is engendered by that! Still these people are far more preferable to those who are only vegetable-men.

The Law of Nature is that you should not stand still in any position: you should go on: march on and on. Be not subject to inertia or averse to change and progress. When the people are in the state of the mineral-man, the next higher state would be that of the vegetable-man, and for the people who are in the vegetable kingdom, so to say, the next higher state will be that of the animal-man. If a person, while advancing upwards and making onward progress, passes through the state of the animal-man, it is well and good. There is nothing harmful or detrimental for a man in passing through the state of the animal kingdom; it is all right. Things go wrong, everything becomes confused and all produces mischief when we want to stand still

and stop at one place and refuse to make further progress by selling our liberty to this or that dogma or creed. It is natural for every body to pass through that stage at one time or another; but it becomes wrong for him to stick to it and endeavour to perpetuate it. It becomes wrong and a cause of mischief when he becomes a slave of that particular name and gives rigidity to his position. When the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah were being destroyed, Lot's wife turned back. She was leaving the city, but turned her face back. She wanted to remain in the city; her heart was there and she wanted to go back. And there on the spot she was converted into a pillar of salt. Just so with the people who keep making upward progress and who keep moving away from their previous situation, who refuse not to make advancement; it is well and good for them, but the very moment that they want to turn back and refuse to make onward progress and sell themselves to names and forms, that very moment they change themselves into pillars of salt. Stagnation or fanaticism comes in. Stagnation

or fanaticism becomes the cause of misery. These may be good men, animal-men, but you must make progress, must go on.

Moon-man.

We come now to the fourth circle, the circle represented on the board with the centre D. Here is man in man. Here is a normal man. His circle might be compred to the circle of the moon. The moon describes a circle around the earth, it is more elliptical than circular. The moon-man, who is he? A very large orbit he describes: happy is he, perhaps. He is a man who identifies his self with the whole nation or the whole race; you might call him the patriot. A very large circle is his. He cares not whether those for whom he works belong to this creed or that. Irrespective of denomination, caste, colour, or creed, he makes it a point to advance the cause of all those who live in the same land with him. Very welcome is he: he is very good: a man he is, but that is all. You see, the moon brings about revolutions also in the sea, brings about tides, ebb tides and flood-tides. Besides, lunatics you know, are also said to be moon-stricken. This is a good circle, no doubt, the moon-circle,

but just see when moon-men stereotype their position, when these people become selfish, and their selfishness is crystallized, the selfishness in their case meaning patriotism when it is given rigidity, when it is crystallized, what results? It brings revolutions, and lunacy,—it sets one nation againt another, and there we have bloodshed and warfare, thousands—nay, sometimes millions upon millions—of beings shedding, spilling and drinking blood and making the fairy face of this beautiful earth blush with slaughter, blush red with blood. They are very good for those whom they embrace to whom they are concaved, but just mark their attitude towards those against whom they are convex. Washington is all right for Americans, but ask the opinon of Englishmen about him. The English patriots are very good as far as, what they call, their own country is concerned, but just look at them with reference to those people whose life-blood is being sucked by their patriotism.

Last of all we come to the fifth circle.

Free-men — Here the centre moves up to infinity, say: the radius becomes infinite, and

what about the circle? When the radius moves upto infinity, the circle must become a straight line; all the crookedness is gone. The straight line passes through the whole space equally, fairly; it is concave to none, it is convex to none. The circle becomes a right line, a straight line it becomes. All crookedness is gone; all curvature vanished. These are God-men; their circle might be compared to the circle which the sun is describing. You know that the sun moves in a straight line; the radius of the circle is infinite. The sun is all glory. Here is a circle of which the centre is everywhere but the circumference nowhere. This is the God-circle; these are free men; these are free—free from all sorrow, free from all fear, free from all bodily desires, free from all selfishness. Are they selfish? No Upto this we had selfishness. Have we no selfishness ness in this straight line? The straight line is a straight line—no enslaving point can we see anywhere. It passes through the space, no selfish little centre round which it may turn, nothing to turn it round. Here is selfishness destroyed; or, you might say, here is the

real Self gained. You see, we began with the point-circle, gross selfishness, and here is that little point enlarged, increased and expanded till it has become a straight line. These are God-men. These are people to whom the wide world is home; irrespective of caste, colour, creed, community or country. Be you an Englishman, be you an American, be you a Mohammedan, a Buddhist or a Hindu, or what ever you may be, you are Rama's Self. You are the Self of self to him. Here is selfishness marvellously increased, here is a strange kind of selfishness. The wide world is my Self: the universe is the Self of this man: the wide world, the lowest creature, minerals, vegetables, the Self of all these becomes the Self of this man.

To a man who had reached this state of perfect freedom, there came a disciple who sat at his feet for a year or so. When the disciple was going to leave the master, he began to bow down at his feet, to kneel down before him, to prostrate himself before him, as the custom in India is. The master, smiling, raised him and said, "Dear, you have not yet

learnt all that you could learn. You lack a great many things yet; stay for some while more." A few days more he stayed in the holy presence of the master, and got more and more of inspiration. His heart was converted into God-consciousness. He was full of the Holy Ghost. He left the presence of the master, knowing not whether he was the disciple or the master himself. He went away looking upon the whole universe, the wide world, as his real Self, and the whole universe being his real Self, where could he, the Self, go? When the Self fills and permeates every atom, every molecule, where can it go? The idea of going and coming became meaningless to him. You can go from one place to another, if you are not already at the place where you want to go. Here he found himself, he found his true Self, the God within, God everywhere, and how could he think of going and coming? The idea of going and coming became absent for him. He was in the state of Self-realization. The going of body was a sort of reflex action. He was in himself; no going or coming for him. Then was the master satisfied. Thus

did the master test him and prove him of sterling worth. The disciple paid no respects or thanks to the master, and rested in unity to such a degree that he rose above all idea of gratitude. Then did the master know that he had really understood his teachings. Here is the master-state, where, if you honour the man, he says you are belittling him. "I am not confined in this body; I am not this little body only—I am the wide world, I am you, and honour me in you." Here is the state of a man who seeks not anything to you. Here is the state of a man to whom honour and disgrace for the body have become meaningless, both shame and fame are nothing.

There came a man, a prince, to a monk in India, and he prostrated himself before him. The monk asked him as to the cause of this homage that the prince was paying him. The prince said, "O sir, O holy sir, you are a monk, and you have adopted this order by giving up your kingdom which you ruled at one time. You are a great man of renunciation, and so I look upon you as God, I worship you." You know, in India, people are not honoured so

much for the riches they possess. In India they are honoured for the degree of renunciation they display, and the chief principle of honour is essentially different there from what it is here. More trust is placed in God than in the almighty Dollar. The prince was offering homage to the man of renunciation. The monk replied to the prince, "If that is the reason why you honour me, I must wash your feet, I must kneel down before you, because, O king, you are a greater man of renunciation than all the monks in this world put together." That is very strange. How could that be? Then the monk began to explain, "Suppose, here is a man who possesses a magnificent palace, and this man casts out the dust and the dirt of the house; he throws out or renounces only the dust or dirt of the house. Is that man a man of renunciation?" The prince said, "No, no; he is not." Then the monk continued, "Here is a man who treasures up the dirt and the dust of the house and gives away the whole house, the magnificent palace. What do you think of this man?" The prince said, "This man who keeps only the dirt and

dust, and resigns the palace, is a man of renunciation." Then the monk said, "Brother prince, you are then the man of renunciation, because the real Self, God, the real Atman, that which is the manificent palace, the real home, the paradise, the Heaven of heavens, you have renounced, and only the dust and dirt of that palace, which is this body, this little selfishness, you have retained. I have renounced nothing. I am myself the God of gods—the Lord of the Universe."

Sometimes these seople, the people who have reached the highest state of advancement, the free souls, are looked down upon by some and are called crazy: but ask them if they would, for one moment, exchange the divine bliss, the supreme happiness which they derive from divine intoxication, for all the wealth and riches of this world. Not at all, not at all. These people look down upon and pity the begging spirit of the so-called wealthy, who go a begging at the door of the flesh, at the door of carnal pleasures. Pleasure is within you. There you can get it. The whole treasure is within you. Then why play

the part of the beggar, and go about in a miserable plight, in a sad state, and behave like a pitiable atom? Come, realise your true Self, the Almighty God, and let this song burst forth from you in fullness of joy:—

"I am the mote in the sunbeam,
    and I am the burning sun,
Rest here!" I whisper the atom,
    I call to the orb, "Roll on!"
I am the blush of the morning,
    and I am the evening breeze;
I am the leaf's low murmur,
    the swell of the terrible seas.
The lover's passionate pleading,
    the maiden's whispered fears;
The warrior, the blade that strikes him,
    his mother's heart wrung fear.

The rose, her poet nightingale,
    the songs from the throat that rise,
The flint, the sparks, the taper,
    the moth that about it flies.

I am intoxication, grapes,
    wine-press and must*, and wine,
The guest, the host, the traveller,
    the goblet of crystal fine."

Oh! The splendour and glory of your Self makes the pomp of Emperors ridiculous.

Such a wondrous Heaven you are, Existence, Knowledge and Bliss you are.

Om! Om!! Om!!!

* The extracted juice of the grape, or other fruit before fementation.

THE INFINITE IN THE FINITE.

(Lecture delivered on January 10, 1903, in the Great Golden Hall, San Francisco)

The Infinite One in the form of ladies and gentlemen.

Before beginning the subject, a few words ought to be spoken on the kind of audience that usually the world furnishes.

People usually do not hear with their own ears, but with the ears of others. They do not see with their own eyes, they see with eyes of their friends. They do not taste with their own taste, they taste with the taste of others. How unreasonable! Men of the world, use your own ears, use your own eyes on every occasion. Use your own understanding on every occasion; your own eyes and own ears are not for nothing; they are for use:

One day Rama was passing through the streets. A gentleman came up and said, "What do you mean by wearing this dress? Why do you wear that dress? Why do you attract our

attention?" Rama always smiles and laughs. If you enjoy the dress of Indian monks, Rama enjoys your enjoyment. If this dress can make you filled with cheerfulness and make you smile, we derive happiness from your smiles. Your smiles are our smiles.

But be reasonable, please. If newspapers write a word in praise or against somebody, all the community begins to feel the same way. They say, the newspapers say that, the newspapers say that. What is at the root of newspapers? Usually boys and women are the reporters on newspapers. All the material comes not from the hands of the learned critics but from the hands of the fourth rate, sometimes tenth rate reporters. If one man, the Mayor, begins to praise somebody, if one man who is looked upon to be a great man, begins to honour a person, all the people begin to resound and re-echo the voice of that one man. This is not independence. Independence and freedom imply using your own ears on every occasion, using your own eyes on every occasion.

Rama said to the man who asked why he

wore this dress, "Brother, brother, let me know the reason why this colour should not be worn and some other colour should be worn? Why should Rama wear the black colour, or say, the white colour, instead of this? The reason, pray! Find some fault, What fault do you find?" He could find no fault. He said, "This is just as comfortable as my colour. This cloth protects you from the cold and heat, just as much as mine does. This is just as good as any other colour, and any cloth that you wear must have some colour or other. If it is black, it has a colour; if it is white it has a colour; if it is pink, it has a colour; it must be some colour or other. It cannot escape from being one colour or another."

Now tell me what fault you have got to find with this colour. He could find no fault. Then Rama asked him to be kind to himself, to be kind to his own eyes, to be kind to his own ears; to use his own eyes, use his own ears, and then judge; judge not through the opinions of others. Be not hypnotized through the opinions of others, and the more a man stands above this weakness of being hypno-

tized by others, the more free he is.

Rama wishes you to attend to these lectures through your own ears and through your own intellects. Form your own judgments. If you attend to these lectures properly, Rama promises that you will reap the greatest benefit. You will place yourself above all anxiety and fear, above all troubles.

You know people say, it is riches that they want. O sir, what do you want riches for? You want riches for happiness and not for any thing else, and riches do not bring happiness. Here is something which will bring you happiness. Some say we want to listen to such lectures which will touch, which will run through our hearts, so to say, we want lectures of that kind which will produce a direct, instantaneous effect. Be not like children. Show a child a dollar and a piece of candy. The child will at once take the piece of candy, which produces the immediate sweet effect. He will not take that piece of silver or gold. Be not like children.

Sometimes the lectures and the orations will produce an instantaneous effect. They

are like mere candy, nothing abiding in them, nothing lasting in them. Here is something which will produce the most abiding and the most lasting influence on you. In Universities and Colleges, people listen hour after hour to the lectures of the instructors and professors in the University. The professors do not manifest any oratorical ability or observance of any rhetorical rules. The professors usually lecture to their students slowly, calmly, hesitatingly, but the students have to take up every word that drops from their lips, whether the professor has the gift of producing an instantaneous effect or not, the students have to take up every word that drops from his lips.

So Rama says to the world to-day, the world must listen to his words, just in the same spirit in which the College students listen to the words of their professors. You may say, these words are presumptuous. But, yes, the time is coming when the.......*

---

* Here Rama became perfectly silent, and was lost in the thought that the Whole world would of necessity one day drink deep from the fountain of life spiritual and that the goal he was pointing out would be the destination of man.—*Ed.*

The Infinite in the Finite is the proposition for to-night's discussion. It is very hard to popularize philosophy, it is very hard in deed to popularize knowledge, but Socrates says and the words of Socrates are perfectly right, "Knowledge is virtue." It is this idea that will ultimately govern mankind. It is knowledge that governs mankind; it is knowledge that transforms itself into action. People want ready-made action, ready-made action will not abide. Rama is bringing to you knowledge which will convert yourself into infinite power of action. It is hard to popularize it. We will do our best to make this difficult and abstruse problem as easy as possible.

We will begin with the minutest thing that you can conceive of in this world, the minutest thing that you usually see in this world, say, a poppy seed; or you might take the mustard seed, or any other seed you please, some small seed. Very small it is. Hold it before you on the palm. What is the seed? Is this the seed that you see before you, or that you smell, or that you weigh, or that you touch? Is that the seed, that tiny something? Or is the seed

something else? Let us examine.

Sow this seed in the earth, underground. In a very short time, the seed germinates into a beautiful plant, a sprouting plant, and out of that first original seed we get thousands of seeds again in due time. Sow these thousands of other seeds, and we obtain millions of seeds of the same sort. Sow these millions of seeds again, and we get quadrillions of seeds of the same sort. What does this phenomenon imply? The original seed, the first seed with which we began, where is that seed now?

That perished in the ground; that died in the ground; that is not to be seen anywhere, but out of that original seed, we have got to-day quadrillions and quintillions of seeds of the same sort. What an infinite potentiality, what an infinite power, what an infinite capability was concealed or hidden or latent in the primitive, original seed with which we began!

Now the question is again asked. What do you mean when you say, here is a seed, here is a small poppy seed or mustard seed, what do you mean by that expression? Do you mean that the word seed simply means

the form, the size, the weight, the smell of the seed? Does the form seed really mean only the external centre of forms? No, no. We could make an artificial seed which had the same weight as the genuine seed, which had the same colour as the genuine seed, which had the same smell as the genuine seed, which had even the same taste as the genuine seed. But this artificial seed could not be really called a seed, this could not be called a genuine real seed; this would be simply a doll, a play-thing for children and not a seed. Thus we see that the word seed has got an apparent meaning and also a real meaning. The apparent meaning of the word seed is the form, the size, the weight, properties which we can sense with our senses; but the real meaning of the word seed is the infinite power, the infinite capability, the infinite potentiality which is latent in the seed form. There we see the Infinite in the finite. The infinite potentiality, the infinite power latent in the finite form or figure, and the real meaning of the word seed, is the Infinite within and not its outside or outward form, not that.

Now, does this infinite capability die with the death of the form or figure? The seed form dies in the earth, but does the real seed, that is to say, the infinite within, does that also die? No, no, not at all. How can infinity die? That never dies. To-day we take up the seed which is, say, the thousandth descendant of the primitive seed. This seed we take up. Sow this seed again, plant this seed again in earth, and you will see that this seed again has got the same infinite power of development as the primitive seed had. This millionth descendant of the original seed has got the same infinite capability and potentiality which the original seed had.

We see then that the real meaning of the word seed, which is the infinity within, was the same in the case of the original seed and is the same in respect to the thousandth descendant of the primitive seed. And this infinity will remain the same with reference to the quintillionth descendant of the primitive seed. We see then that the infinity within, the infinite capability or power is unchangeable, immutable. We see again that the real

seed, the infinite power, the infinite capability, is not destroyed. The original seed form perished, but the power did not perish. The power reappears in the thousandth desendant seeds unchanged, unaltered. The true infinity does not die with the death of the body of the seed, with the death of the seed form; the soul of the seed, as it were, I will say the real infinity in the seed, so to say, does not perish; it does not change, it remains the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Again that infinite power of expansion or development is the same in the seeds that we take up to-day, as it was in the primitive seed. It does not change, it remains the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Again, that infinite power of expansion or development is the same in the seeds that we take up to-day as it was in the primitive seed; it does not increase ever so little; it does not decrease in the least.

We see that the real meaning of the word seed, I will say the spirit or the soul of the seed, does not increase; it does not decrease. To sum up, the real seed is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. It is infinite, it does not

die when the seed form or the body of the seed form dies, it is indestructible, it is unchangeable; there can be no increase and there can be no decrease in it.

(You will excuse Rama if there is any repetition; Rama knows that sometimes repetition is necessary.)

Microscopic insects you might call them, small monads, the primitive development of protoplasm, sometimes called protozoa. Do you know how they develop? They develop by bisection, as it is called by naturalists. This bisection takes place naturally and we can bring it about. Take up one of these microscopic monads, small tiny insects. With a fine, most refined lance, bisect or divide it into two equal halves. What will become of it? O, it is cruel to do so, because if we bisect a man, if we pierce a dagger through his body and bisect him into two, he will die. So, if we bisect a monad, it will die. But biset the monad and it does not die, it becomes two. Wonder of wonders! Cut it into two, and it becomes two, as big as the other one. Take these two up and cut them; again bisect each

of them and instead of their dying you will have four living monads of the same force and energy as the original one. You will get four. Cut each of these four into equal halves and instead of killing the four you will multiply them into eight. So on, you can multiply to any extent you wish. You can increase their number to any extent you like. How strange, how strange! . .

There you see before you the form of a monad, the body of a monad. I use the apparent meaning of the word monad. The apparent meaning is simply the body, the form, the size, the weight, the colour, the figure. The apparent monad is that, but the real monad is the power within. or the energy, the life within, that is the real monad. Kill the apparent monad, destroy the form and the real monad or the soul, the spirit you might call it, does not die; that does not die, it remains the same. Go on cutting bodies, go on destroying bodies; the death of the body destroys not the real spirit; the death of the body destroys but the form.

Immortal is the true Divinity that you

are. The original body of the monad could be multiplied million-fold, could be increased to billions, and here was the infinite power latent, hidden, concealed in the body of the original monad. Infinity in the finite! Infinity in the finite!

Now the question comes when the bodies are multiplied, when the bodies of the monad go on increasing, multiplying, does that infinite power within also go on multiplying, does that also increase? Or does it decrease? No, it neither increases nor decreases. The real infinity within the outward apparent finite form of the monad does not change, it multiplies not, it decreases not; it remains the same.

The Vedantic explanation of this phenomenon will be given by an illustration.

There was a small child that was never shown a looking-glass. You know in East India, in Hindustan, small children are not shown looking-glasses. This small bady once happened to crawl into the room of his father, and there was a looking-glass lying on the floor, with one end of it lying against the wall

and the other end resting upon the ground. This little baby crawled up to the looking-glass, and lo! there he sees a baby, little child, dear little baby. You know children are always attracted by children. If you have a child and you go to your friend's house with him when you go to talk with your friend, the child will at once make friends with the other children of the house. So this child saw in the looking-glass a child of his own size. He went up to him and when he was moving up to the child in the mirror, the child in the mirror moved up to him also. He was delighted. He found that the child in the mirror was on friendly terms, liked him just as much as he liked the child in the mirror. Their noses met. He put his nose against the mirror and the child in the mirror also drew his nose up to his nose: their noses touched each other. Their lips touched. He put his hands on, the mirror and the child in the mirror also put his hands to him, as if he were going to shake hands with him, but when the hands of this baby were on those in the mirror, the mirror fell flat on the ground.

and broke into two pieces. Now the child saw that instead of one child there were two children in the mirror. His mother, in the other room, heard this noise and came running to the room of her husband, and there seeing that the husband was not there, but the child was making havoc with the articles in the room and had broken the mirror, she came up to him menacingly, in a threatening manner, as if she was about to strike him. But you know, children know better. They know that the threats and frowns and brow-beatings of their mothers mean nothing. They know it through experience. The child, instead of being frightened at the words of the mother, which were, "What have you done, what have you done, what are you doing here", took these words not in the sense of threat or frown, but in good sense. He said, "O, I have created two, I have made two." The child created two children out of one child. There was originally one child only that was talking to the one child in the mirror, and now this child made two children. A small child became the father of two children even before

he was of age. He said, "I have made two; I have made two." The mother smiled and took the child up in her arms, took him to her own room.

Take up these two pieces of looking-glass, break them, spare them not, you will get more looking-glasses; break these pieces into four pieces and you will get four children. Now the small child by breaking these four pieces of glass into eight pieces could create eight children. Any number of children might be created that way. But we ask, does that real Divinity, does that real child increase or decrease by the breakage of the mirrors? It neither increases not decreases. The increase and decrease take place only with looking-glasses. There is no increase in the child that you see in the looking-glass, that remains the same. How can the Infinite be increased? If the infinity increases, it is not infinity. How can infinity decrease? If it decreases, it is not infinity.

Similarly, the Vedantic explanation of the phenomenon of bisection of monad is that when you take up one insect, take up one

small microscopic insect and bisect it, the body which is just like the mirror, just like the looking-glass, that little body is divided into two, but the power, the real infinity within, the real monad, or the true spirit or energy, or any name you might give it, or the true God within it, is not bisected by the bisection of the bodies of the monad. When the bodies of the monad are multiplied, the power with the real monad, the true divinity inside does not multiply; that remains the same. That is like the real child and the bodies of the monad are like the pieces of looking-glasses. When the bodies of the monad are divided and sub-divided and divided again, the infinite power which is unchangeable, goes on reflecting itself, and showing itself, manifesting itself equally in all the thousand-fold or million-fold bodies. That remains the same. That is only one, only one, only one, no duality, no plurality. O, what wonder of wonders! What joy! Bisect this body, cut this body and I die not. The real Self, the real Me, the true I dies not! Burn this body alive; do with it anything you like, no harm is done

to Me. Realize, realize that you are the infinity within. Know that. The very moment that a person knows himself to be that, the very moment that a man realises his true nature, he is free, above all danger, above all difficulty, above all suffering, above all tribulation and pain. Know that, be yourself!

Oh, what wonder of wonders that it is one infinite power that shows itself in all bodies, in all the apparent personalities, in all the apparent figures. Oh, it is the I, the I, the Infinite One, that is manifesting itself in the bodies of the greatest orators, in the bodies of the greatest men, in the bodies of the most wretched creatures! Oh, what joy! I am the Infinite One and not this body. Realize that and you are free. These are not mere words; this is not mere imaginary talk, this is the truest reality. Realize the truest reality, the real power, that you are; infinite you are, above all danger and difficulty you rise instantaneously.

Here are, suppose, thousands of mirrors in the world. One mirror is black, another is white, another is red, another is yellow, an-

other is green; one of the mirrors is convex, another is concave, another mirror is prismatic, another mirror has a lens, suppose. There are all sorts of mirrors. There is one person standing in the mirror. He looks all around. He finds himself at one place red—in the red glass he finds himself red—at another place he finds himself yellow, at another place he finds himself black, in the concave mirror he finds himself disfigured in a most ludicrous manner, in the convex mirror he finds himself again distorted in a most ridiculous way. He finds himself in all these multiplied shapes and forms, but in all these apparently different manifestations there is one indivisible, unchangeable, eternal, constant reality. Know that and free yourself. Know that and shake off all sorrow. All this distortion and disfigurement has nothing to do with the real infinity, divinity, which manifests and reveals itself in all these different mirrors or glasses. The differences lie in your bodies. The bodies, the minds, are like the different glasses; one body may be like a lens, another prismatic, another a white glass,

another a red glass, another concave, another convex. The bodies are different, but you are not the bodies only, the apparent unreal self. Through ignorance you call yourself the body your are not. You are the infinite power, the divinity, the constant, immutable, unchangeable One. That you are; know that and you find yourself inhabiting the whole world, inhabiting the whole universe.

In India we have mirror houses. In mirror houses we have all the walls and the roof bedecked with mirrors and looking-glasses of all kinds. The owner of the house comes into the room and finds himself on all sides.

Once there came into a mirror house of this kind a dog. The dog finds armies of dogs on his right coming up to him, and you know that dogs are very jealous, dogs do not wish some rival dog to be present beside them. They are very jealous. When this dog saw thousands of dogs approaching him from the right, he turned to the left hand side, and again on that wall were fixed thousands of mirrors, and there he finds an army of dogs coming up to him about to devour him, tear him to pieces.

He turned to the third wall and there he found again dogs of the same sort. He turned to the fourth wall and there the same thing. He turned his head upward to heaven and there from heaven he saw thousands of dogs coming down upon him to devour him and tear him to pieces. He was frightened. He jumped up, all the dogs jumped on all sides; he was barking and he found all the dogs barking and opening their mouths at him. The sound re-echoed from the four walls, and he was afraid. He jumped and ran this way and that way. The poor fellow died exhausted on the spot.

Exactly the same way, Vedanta tells you this world is like a mirror-house, and all these bodies are like different mirrors, and your true Atma or real Self is reflected on all sides, just as the dog saw his figure reflected from the four walls. Just so does the One Infinite Atma, the One Infinite Divinity, the Infinite Power, reflect itself in the different mirrors. It is the One Infinite Rama that is being reflected through all these bodies. Ignorant people come like dogs in this world and say;

"That man will eat me up, that man will tear me to pieces, destroy me." Oh, how much of jealousy and fear in this world! To what are this jealousy and fear due? To the ignorance of the dog, to dog-like ignorance is all this jealousy and fear of the world due. Please turn the tables. Come into this world like the master of the house, of the looking-glass and mirror-house. Come into the world not as d—o—g—but as g—o—d, and you will be the master of the mirror-house, you will be the owner of the whole universe; it will give you pleasure when you see your rivals and your brothers and your enemies advance; it will give you joy when you find any glory anywhere. You will make a heaven of this world.

We come now to man. You have seen the Infinite in the finite in the case of the seed. That was an illustration taken from the vegetable kingdom. The Infinite in the finite was shown to you in the monad; that was an instance taken from the animal kingdom. You have seen the Infinite in the finite in the case of the glass. This was an instance taken from the mineral kingdom. Now we come to

man.

Just as the original seed died and gave rise to thousands of seeds, but in reality the real seed did not multiply, did not decrease, remained the same, and just as the original monad dies and gives rise to thousands of monads, while the real monad remained the same, and just as the glasses broke, the mirror is broken, but the real child did not break; just in the same way when a man dies, there come up his sons, two or more, sometimes dozens. Some of the Englishmen, Anglo-Indians in Hindustan have scores of children. When the parents die, in their place come up dozens and scores; these again die in their turn and leave behind a four-fold progeny. They die and leave behind a larger number. Here is again the same thing. Just as the original monad died and two came up instead, and out of these two, four came up, and out of these eight came up; the original seed died and out of that thousands came up in time, similarly out of any pair of man and woman come scores, nay, thousands, millions of pairs of the same sort, the pair goes on multiplying.

There is no time to enter into detail; only an outline can be given in one lecture.

The Vedanta tells you that just as the case was with the seed, monad, or glass, so is the case with you. The primitive pair of man and woman died, and out of them, out of the Adam and Eve of the Christian Bible, sprang up billions of inhabitants of the world.

Here again the Vedanta tells you that this apparent multiplication, this apparent increase, implies no increase in the true, real man that you are. The real man does not increase. The real man in you is the Infinite All. Man is the infinite individual, you might call it. Let all the people die and any one pair remain. Out of this pair we can have millions of population in due time. The infinite capability, the infinite power, the infinite potentiality which was concealed or latent in the primitive pair is found in each pair to-day undiminished, unimpaired. This Infinity you are. This, infinite power, you are, and this infinite power, is the same in all these bodies. These bodies may multiply like glass, but the man, the real Infinity is only one.

You may make much of these bodies, you may think of them whatever you please, but these you are not. You are the infinite power which is only One, One indivisible, the same you are, yesterday, to-day, and for ever. It might be made more clear by a popular illustration.

Who are you, sir? I am Mr. so and so. Yes. Are you not man? Oh, man I am, of course. Who are you? I am Mrs. so and so. Are you not man? Man (human species) I am, of course. Go to anybody and he says I am man, but take an unphilosophical man, ask him and he will never tell you that he is man. He will always say, I am Mr. so and so, and I am Mrs. so and so. Oh, but men also you are. Then he may admit that he is man.

Now we ask, have you ever seen man, the unadulterated, unspecified, unparticularized man? Have you ever seen that? Wherever, we chance to meet, there appears Mr. or Mrs.; there appears lord or lady, but the real man, the concrete man you cannot find anywhere, and still we know that this concrete man is in all things higher. That species, a man in

itself, you cannot lay your hands on, a man divested of his Smithness, Johnness, or divested of his misterness or mrs-ness. Man *per se* divested of these properties we cannot see anywhere, and yet this man is present in all these bodies. Bring before you Mr. so and so. Take away the man part of him, diminish man, the concrete man, and what remains? Nothing. All gone, all gone. Take away Mr.—, remove all the misterhood and the other things and we cannot find anything, but the real Man is still there. The real man Rama takes in the sense of the underlying power, or the infinity within you. Be not misled by the words of Berkeley. Weigh and examine it thoroghly and you will see that there is indeed something, the infinity within, which cannot be seen, cannot be heard, cannot be tasted, and yet it is the fountain-head of all that you see, it is the cause of all sight, it is the cause of all sound, it is the reality in all your taste. It is the reality, the divinity, the one power in all that you sense, see, touch or hear. It is there and yet it is indescribable. Thus we see that the Infinite within the finite

is incapable of being seen, incapable of being heard, incapable of being thought, of being imagined, and yet all that you see is through it, all that you hear is through it, all that you smell is through it. It is indescribable and yet the fountain-head, the essence of all that is described.

In conclusion, Rama simply asks you to do one favour, favour to yourself. Be man! All these bodies are like dew-drops and the real man is like the ray of sun which passes through and threads all those beads of dew. All these bodies are like the beads on a rosary and the real man is like the string that passes through them all. If you once sit still for a second and feel, feel that you are the Universal Man, you are the Infinite power, you will see that all this you are. Being man I am everything, being that indefinite man or species man, I am everything. You are all one; at once you are all one. Just rise above this misterness and mrs-ness, rise above that and you become one with the All. What a grand idea! You become one with the All. Then you become one with the whole un-

iverse..

Here is a translation of a part of one of the Upanishads, but it is not a perfect translation.

"I am the Unseen Spirit which informs
All subtle essence! I flame in fire!
I shine in sun and moon, planets and stars!
I blow with the winds, roll with the waves!
I am the man and woman, youth and maid!
The babe new-born, the withered ancient, propped
Upon his staff! I am *whatever* is—
The black bee and the tiger and the fish,
The green birds with red eyes, the tree, the grass,
The cloud that hath the lightning in its womb,
The seasons and the seas! In Me they are,
In Me begin and end."

(*Upanishad*, Sir Edwin Arnold, translator)

Infinite you are, that infinity you are, and as that infinity, as it were, have created these imaginary, false illusory bodies; you have made this world like a mirror-house for yourself. Take care of the One Infinite, Universal God and the same you are, that dwells and permeates this world.

Om! Om!! Om!!!

THE SUN OF LIFE ON THE WALL OF MIND.

(Lecture delivered on January 12, 1903, at Golden Gate Hall, San Francisco.)

The Immutable in the form of ladies and gentlemen:

The subject of discourse to-night is the Immutable in the changeable.

Before beginning, a few words will be spoken in answer to a question repeatedly put to Rama. What is the significance of the colour you wear? Why do Buddhists wear yellow clothes and Vedantin Sadhus or Swamins wear flame-coloured clothes?

You know every religion has got three aspects. Every religion has got its philosophy, its mythology and its ritual. No religion without philosophy can stand. In order that it may appeal to the learned, the wise, the reasoning class of people, it ought to have a philosophy, and in order that it may recommend itself to the people of sentimental emo-

tions, of emotional natures, it ought to have a mythology, and in order that it may appeal to the common folk, ought to have a ritual.

The colour of the clothes has something to do with the ritual of the Vedântic religion. Why do the Christians wear the Cross? That is the ritual. Why do the Christians put the Cross at the top of their Churches? That is the ritual. The Roman Catholics have an elaborate ritual; the Protestants have very little of it, but still they have a ritual. They also cannot do without it, So these colours are the ritual of the Vedantic religion. The red colour, the flame colour has the same meaning to the Hindu as the Cross to the Christian. What does the Cross imply? It is a remembrance of the death of Christ, the love of Christ. Christ suffered his body to be crucified for the sake of the people. That is the meaning of the Cross which the Christians wear. If you ask a Hindu to explain to you the meaning of the Cross, he will explain it to you differently. He will say the teaching of Christ is; take up the Cross, take up your Cross and follow me. He does not say 'take up

my Cross.' In the Bible, in the New Testament, St. Paul or Christ has not to ask you to take up the Cross of Christ, but they say take up your Cross, that is the exact wording; take up your Cross, and the meaning of that is, crucify your flesh, crucify your carnality, crucify your little self, crucify your own ego. That is the meaning of it. So the Cross ought to be a symbol of crucifying our selfish interests, our little ego, our little egotistical selfish ego. That is the meaning of the Cross, wearing the Cross. Whether you take it in this sense or some other sense, it depends on your will, but Vedanta always recommends you to take the Cross in that sense, and in this sense does a Buddhist wear yellow clothes.

Yellow is, in India at least, the colour of the dead. The dead carcass has got a yellow colour. The yellow robe or the yellow costume implies that the man who puts on these yellow clothes has crucified his body has altogether discarded his flesh, risen above carnality, is beyond all selfish motives; just as when the Roman Catholics have to ordain a monk, they put him in a coffin and read over his head the

chapter from Job, they read over him the songs and psalms and sermons which are usually read over the dead, and that man being placed in a coffin, is made to believe and realize that he is dead, dead to all temptations to all passions, dead to all worldly desires. The Buddhists have to wear yellow clothes which means that the man has no more to do anything with worldly desires, with selfish aims and objects, is dead to the world as it were, and the flame colour of the Vedantins means the colour of fire. This colour (indicating the dress of the speaker) cannot represent exactly the colour of fire, the colour of these clothes; but this colour was about the nearest colour to the colour of fire that could be had in America. In India we have a colour which is exactly the colour of fire. When an Indian monk is sitting somewhere, from some distance you cannot recognise whether it is a man or a heap of fire. This colour stands for the colour of fire, and this means that the man has cremated his body. You know in India we don't bury the dead, we cremate them, we burn them. So this red colour implies that the

man who has worn these clothes has sacrificed his body, has placed his body on the altar of Truth, all the worldly desires burnt, burnt, burnt. All the worldly desires, all the worldly ambitions, all the worldly hungering and hankering are consigned to the flames.

The colour of the Cross is also red. The blood of Christ is also red. Christians also want something red, this is also red, and it has the double meaning of being blood as well as fire. But it has another significance too. Yellow also could express the idea of the death of the body, of the death of the carnality, but they do not wear yellow robes, they wear red robes of the colour of fire. That means that it is death from one standpoint and life from another. You know fire has life, fire sustains life, fire has energy, fire has power. The red robes imply that all the lower desires, all the selfish propensities, all the little ambitions have been consigned to fire, have been put to death; but on the other hand, there has sprung out of them life, fire, energy, power. That red robe has a double meaning. It has the meaning of the death of carnality

and also the meaning of the life of the spirit. Be not afraid. Be not afraid. Vedanta preaches the baptism of fire instead of the baptism of water. It preaches the baptism of flame, the baptism of power, energy; oh, be not afraid that this is fire and it will consume us. You read in the Bible too: "He who would save his life must lose it." Lose this lower life and and you will save the real life, that is the principle. Oh, people in this world, what a great havoc do they make of their lives! Their worldly life they make a life of imprisonment, a life of death, a life of hell. You will excuse Rama, that is the truth. On their breasts, on their bosoms lies the mighty Himalaya of grief and anxiety, a mighty mountain of grief and anxiety. We should not say Himalaya. The Himalaya is all power and grandeur. We will say a mighty mountain of grief and anxiety. They keep themsemselves like a pendulum, always oscillating between a tear and a smile, always baffled by the frowns and favours of some body, or by the threats and promises of somebody else. By their imagination they always create

around themselves a prison, a dungeon, a hell.

Vedanta requires you to get rid of this lower nature, this ignorance.' Burn this ignorance, burn this lower egoism, burn this lower selfish nature which makes a hell of your body and let in the fire of knowledge. Knowledge is always represented as fire by the Hindus. Let in the knowledge of fire, and let all this chaff and all this dirt and dust be consumed. Come out as all ablaze, as all fire, heavenly fire, that is the meaning of the colour.

Somebody asked Rama, "Why do you attract attention?" Well, Rama told him: Brother, brother, please see yourself if there be any harm in these clothes. He said he could not find any harm in them, but that others did. But you are not responsible for the ignorance of others. Be mindful of your own intellect and brain. Find out any fault with these clothes if you have to find, and if others find fault, you are not responsible for that.

The greatest sadhu, the greatest Indian monk, the greatest swami in this world is the

sun, the rising sun. The rising sun comes to you every day dressed in the apparel, in the costume of a Vedantic monk. In to-night's discourse, this sun will represent to you the Immutable with reference to the changeable bodies. We shall take the sun, the swami, the sadhu, the red-apparelled sun, symbol of the true Atma, the real Self, which is unchangeable, which is immutable; the same to-day, yesterday and for ever, with reference to the sun. We shall point out the changeable, the variable things, which stand for the changeable bodies in man. Man has got the changeable things in him, and there is in man the immutable, the unchangeable, the eternal real Atman. The real Atman is like the sun, and the changeable elements are the three bodies, the gross body, the subtle body, and the seed body. These are names that Rama gives to these bodies. In Sanskrit they are *sthula*, *sukshma* and *karana Sharir* ; and Rama translates them as the gross body, the subtle body, the seed body. These three bodies—the seed body, the subtle body and the gross body—are the changeable elements. These

are not the self but the non-self. These are variable, fickle, these are not your Self. Your Self is the immutable, the unchangeable. This is to be shown.

In order to give you a clear idea of the three bodies and the true Atman, we shall resort to an illustration. You will kindly attend very carefully. To-night there will be talked to you no logic, no great argumenting. To-night the proposition of man, as proved by the Hindus, will be made clear to you. It will be clearly enunciated so that you may at once comprehend it, and afterwards if time be, we shall enter into philosophy and reason out every side of the question. You know before bringing out logic to bear upon a theme, we ought to understand what a propositon is. So to-night the meaning of the proposition will be made clear, and you will see that even in this enunciation, or this clearing away of the clouds and the understanding of the proposition, there will be, as it were, a proof by themselves. As Pope puts it,

> "Virtue is a fairy of such beauteous mean,
> As to be loved needs only to be seen."

So the truth has such a glorious beauty that in order that it may enter deep into your hearts, it is necessary only to see it clearly. The sun requires no other proof of its existence. To see the sun is to prove the sun. Everything, that be, is seen in some outside light, but light itself does not require some other light in order that it may be visible. So to-night the proposition is simply to be laid before you, without any arguments and without any logic, so called. Now we come to the illustration.

You will kindly take yourself with Rama to the Himalayan glaciers. There we see all-dazzling scenes, diamond-mountains, all white, an ocean of white glaciers so dazzling, so sparkling, so beautiful, splendid inspiring. There we find no vegetation, no animal life, no man, no woman. There is upon these glaciers to be seen one source of life, the sun, the glorious orb, that shines upon these fairy scenes. Oh, what a splendid sight! Sometimes through the clouds the light of the sun sifted falls upon the land and makes the whole landscape blaze up in the colour of fire, makes

the whole scene assume the swami's garb, converts the whole scene into a sadhu, an Indian monk. After a while the whole scene becomes yellow, etc., but there is one thing and one thing only on the scene, nothing else. That is the sun.

Now you observe that in these glaciers there are the greatest rivers of Hindustan, concealed, latent. All the big rivers of India emanate and flow out from these glaciers. Here in these glaciers is the source or the seed body of the river. You will kindly come down with Rama to the second stage of river life.

Here we come to another phase, we come now to another kind of sights and landscapes. We are still in the mountains, but not at the snow-capped summits, lower down we are. Here for miles and miles, for dozens and scores of miles we have magnificent roses covering every spot and the whole air fragrant, redolent with the sweet, delicious scent of the roses. There we have beautiful nightingales and other birds singing, indicting valentines all the year round. There we have magnificent

warblers filling the air with their sweet notes, and also we find amongst the magnificent, beautiful, charming trees the most attractive Ganges, or some other stream, treading its winding course in a zig-zag way, playing, frisking about in the mountains. Oh, beautiful brooks, beautiful rivulets we find there. There in these beautiful brooklets are the shadows of the trees on the banks reflected, and these streamlets, brooklets are going about in a most charming, in a most playful way, now taking this trend and that trend, going around and around, turning this way, and that way, and singing all along, flow these rivers, brooklets, rivulets.

What is this? This is the second stage of the river's life. Here the river is in its subtle body. This rivulet or brooklet form of the river is the subtle body of the river, so to say. This subtle body emanated from the seed body of the river, it came from the seed body of the river. You know upon the seed body of the river was the sun shining, and through the action of the sun's heat and light upon the seed body of the river came out the subtle body of

the river. This is the subtle body. It is very fickle, vague, meandering, zig-zag. It is now jumping down and taking long leaps in hot haste and in great fury, then it subsides into a lake or calm. It is very vague, fickle, changing.

Let us descend a little to the plains. Now in the plains we have different scenes. The same water, the same river we saw present in the seed form upon the snow-capped glaciers and which adopted a most fantastic and most poetic aspect in its subtle form lower down on the mountains, the same waters, the same river now becomes a muddy stream upon the plains. In the plains, the same river, the same Ganges becomes a mighty stream. It has undergone a great change. It has put on new clothing, new colour; it does not keep its original transparency and its original limpidness; it becomes dirty, turbid, and it becomes changed in colour. Muddy it becomes and at the same time it changes its speed. It becomes now slow, very slow, and on the other hand it becomes more useful now. Upon the surface of this mighty river float boats, float ships,

traffic is carried on. People come and bathe, and the water of the great river, now is utilized in canals and aqueducts, for irrigating the lands and for fertilizing the country around.

This third stage of the river's life is the gross body of the river. And what about the life of the river? What about the real motive power of the river? The real motive power of the river is the sun, the glorious orb. Now let us us apply this illustration to man.

Where are your three bodies and how are they related to one another and to the real Self, your true Self, or the Atma?

What you are in reality in your deep sleep state where you are unconscious of everything else, where you know nothing about the world, where father is no father, mother is no mother, house is no house, and the world is no world, where there is ignorance, ignorance and nothing but ignorance, where there is a state of chaos, a state of death, a state of annihilation, so to say, a state of nothingness.

There, the Vedanta says, in that state which you have never examined, which most

of you have never examined, in that state we have the seed body of man, the seed body of man lying prostrate and flat beneath the true Self or Atma of man. There we have the true Self like the sun shining over the glaciers, man's life being compared to the river's life.

You will kindly attend most carefully. Here is something very subtle going to be stated. It was said the other day, but the occasion requires that it should be repeated

In your deep sleep state this world is not present; only is the dreamland present. When you wake up, you say that in that deep sleep state is present nothing, nothing, nothing. Vedanta says, indeed, in that deep sleep state, is present nothing. But you know as Hegel has clearly shown (the Hindus have anticipated Hegel, that German philosopher, and have proved that this nothing is something) that this nothing is also the seed body; this nothing, which you describe in your wakeful state as nothing, this is the seed body, this is the glacier of your life. As the Bible puts it that out of nothing was something created by God, so the Hindus have also shown that out of this

seed body, which you describe as nothing after waking up, out of this seed body which you describe as nothing, out of this seed body or nothing, there springs forth or comes out the whole world. If philosophers come out and say that out of nothing something can never come out, Vedanta says that this which we have called nothing is in reality not nothing, it is called nothing by you only when you wake up. You know the same word we can interpret in any way we like. This is not in reality nothing. It is the seed body. This is like the glaciers. Now you will ask, well, we have understood that out of that deep sleep which we describe as nothing something comes out, and that apparent nothing is the seed body; but realize the Sun within, realize the God within, realize the Atma which creates out of this glacier of the seed body this whole universe. Realize that Sun or God or Atma. You will ask what this means. Listen please.

When you get up, you say, "I slept so profoundly that I saw nothing in the dreams." There we say, please write this statement on

paper. Then Vedanta comes up and says that this statement is just like a statement made by a man who said that at the dead of night, at such and such a place, there was not a single being present. The judge told him to put that statement on paper, and he did that. The magistrate asked him if this statement was true. He said, yes. Is this statement made on hearsay, or is it founded on your own evidence? Are you an eye-witness? He said, yes, I am. All right. Then, if you were an eye-witness and if you wish us to understand that your statement is correct, that there was nobody present, then in order that your statement may be right, you at least must have been present on the scene. But if you were present on the scene, this statement is not literally true. Literally, the statement is not true, because you being a human being you were present; at least one human being was present on the scene. Thus the statement that nobody was present, that there was not a single human being present on the scene, is false, that is a contradictory statement. In order that it may be true as you wish us to

understand it to be true, it must be wrong. It must be wrong because at least one human being must have been present on the scene.

Similarly, when we make this statement after waking up, "Oh sir, I slept profoundly and I enjoyed such deep slumbers that nothing was present on the scene." I say, sir, you were present. If you had been asleep, if your true Self, the real Atma, and the real Sun, the real Orb, the real God, had been asleep, then who would have borne witness to the nothingness or chaos of the dream? As you bore witness to the nothingness or chaos of the dream, you must have been present there. Thus, in your deep sleep state, Vedanta says that there are two things at least to be seen, the nothingness which is like the glaciers or like the seed body and the witness light, the sun, the glorious Atma, the resplendent Self or God, which is witnessing all that and shining even upon the desolation of the deep sleep state. There that true Self is the Sun immutable and that nothingness of the deep sleep state is the seed body which is changeable, mutable, alterable and fickle.

Why is it changeable and fickle? Because when you come down to the dreamland, when you fall down into the dreaming state, that nothingness is gone, that nothingness is no more. If that chaos or nothing of the deep sleep state had been your real Self, it would have lasted for ever, but it changes. When you descend into the dreamland, the very capability of changing implies that it is not real. That seed body is not real. You will be astonished, you will say how this phenomenal world of ours did emanate from that nothing. It is a fact. You have been thinking matters differently in Europe and America; you have been taking matters in a topsy-turvy state. Believe Rama, this is a truth which must permeate every individual, which must enter the heart of each and all in this universe sooner or later.

Here people are accustomed to take things from the bottom to the top. They want to make rivers flow uphill, the unnatural course. And so you will be astonished at this statement just now made by Rama that out of that nothingness fo your deep sleep state comes

out your dreamland experience. You will be astonished. But just examine, just reflect. Is not that the plan of nature? Wherefrom did this earth of yours come? This earth of yours was once in the nebular state. All this was once in a state which had no form, which was akin to your deep sleep state. It was in the nebular state, it was in a chaotic state. Out of that chaotic state have sprung up, by slow degrees, your vegetable kingdom, animal kingdom, and man. Vedanta tells you that what you find in the whole of nature, what you find true from the physical standpoint, the same is true from the metaphysical standpoint. If this whole world springs from chaos or nothing, so to say, your dreamland and wakeful state also sprang from that deep sleep state of chaotic state, the state of nothingness. Your wakeful and dreaming state sprang from that. Just so, it is found in the life of every man. When a baby, he is in a state most resembling the state of nothingness, as it were, out of that state, by slow degrees, he comes into the other states, which you call higher, though higher and lower are relative terms.

What is the rule in the whole universe is the rule with the ordinary life of every man. Out of the deep sleep state springs this dreaming state. People want to explain the dreaming state as dependent on the wakeful state. You will be astonished when the Vedanta puts matters to you in their true light and shows that all the European philosophers, all your Hegels and Kants cannot explain thoroughly the phenomena of dreams. We have no time to-night to dwell upon the subject, but this will be proved to you either in a lecture or in book form.

We come to the dream state. In the dreamland we come, as it were, from the glaciers to the lower mountains. You are still on the mountains asleep. Here the subtle body, the dreaming self, finds itself in a fantastic land, in a poetic region; the dreaming self of yours is now a bird, is now a king. Immediately it becomes a beggar. It is now a man who has lost his way on the Himalayan mountains, and then it becomes the citizen of a big city like London. It is now in this city and then in that city. How changeable! Just

as the streams in the mountains are changeable, meandering, fickle, taking different turns every now and then, such is the state of your dreaming self. In your dreaming state, you are quick about everything, just as the streams are so quick when in the mountains, the rivulets, the brooklets are so quick and so rapid as gushing, and so playful. So is your dreaming self so playful and rapid. You live in a land of imagination. There the dead becomes alive and those people who are living, you find sometimes dead—strange land, the land of fantasy and the land of poetry! Is it not quite like the stream in its subtle body on the mountains where it is in the land of poetry and fantasy? After the dreaming experience, passing through the mountains, as it were, in your second stage, you come down to the plains; you wake up. In your wakeful state you make up the gross body, just as the river requires a gross body when descending upon the plains. You see the deep sleep state is called the seed body, and the body of your dreamland is called the subtle body, and the body of your wakeful state is called the gross

body. You know when the rivers come down from the mountains and enter upon the plains, their subtle body remains just the same, but it puts upon itself a red or muddy mantle. You know the water that came from the mountains. That fresh, pure water remains hidden in mud and in clay and the soil of the plains. There the subtle body of the river as it was seen in the mountains has not changed, but it is simply wearing new clothing, it has put on a new costume, and thus when the subtle body of the river has descended to the plains and put on a new muddy costume, we say, the river is in its gross body. It was not so when the subtle body came from the seed body; then the seed body had to melt down and produce the subtle body, and now in the wakeful state, the subtle body has not to melt or change, it has simply to put on new garments, new costumes. That is what actually happens.

In your wakeful state, the subtle body, that is to say, the mind, the intellect, which was working in the dreamland that does not disappear, that remains the same, but these

material elements, material head and material all that, these are put on as it were like costumes; and when you have to go to sleep, this material gross body is simply taken down, as it were, hung upon that post, and the subtle body is divested of it.

Just as when going to bed, people take off their clothes, so you take it off and only the subtle body works in your dreams. Now, what is the subtle body? It will be shown that that is also material.. The relation of the subtle to the gross and the gross to the subtle will be pointed out. You know the rivers in the winter season (the winter season is like the night), usually put off their gross body, strip themselves of their gross body and keep only the subtle body with them, that is, in the winter season rivers are reduced in size, and the mud and clay and their red muddy vesture that they have, they put off. They go to sleep as it were. Just as the rivers put off their gross body and keep the subtle body only, similarly every day when you go to bed at night (your winter) you put off the gross and keep only the subtle body.

But the sun which was shining upon the seed body, the same sun shines equally upon the subtle body of the river; equally upon the subtle body of every man when he is in the dreamland and the same sun which shines upon the seed body and subtle body of the river, shines equally upon the gross body of the river.

The true Átma or real Self, which was seen shining upon the deep sleep state's body shines also upon your dreamland and upon your wakeful state and upon the gross body, as it were, but where lies the difference? The difference lies in the reflection of the sun. When the sun was shining upon the seed body of the river, upon the glaciers, the image of the sun was not seen there. The action of the sun was intense upon the glaciers, but the reflection or image of the sun was seen no more; but when the sun began to shine upon the subtle body of the river, the sun is reflected.

When the sun was shining upon the subtle body of the river, there the sun's image was seen. No image of the sun was seen upon the

snow-capped peaks or upon the glaciers; but in the subtle body of the river, in the mountains, in the rivulets, is the image of the sun seen. What does this image imply? This image in reality is the real Self, the true Atma, the Unchangeable, the Immutable in you, the true Divinity, Atma or God. The same God is present in you when you are in the deep sleep state, that God shines upon your seed body; but examine, in the deep sleep state, no egoism is present, you have no idea of 'I am asleep', 'I grow', 'I digest the food', 'I do this'; that is, there is no ego; the real Self is there, but no ego is there. This false, apparent ego which is looked upon as the self by people is not there. In the dreaming state it becomes apparent. The dreaming state is like the second state of the river, the subtle body of the river. There it becomes apparent, and it becomes apparent also in the wakeful state. You know, your wakeful state is like the state of the river when it is upon the plains, the gross body of the river. There the sun shines clearly; it was shining clearly upon the glaciers, but it also reflects its image in the

stream; on the muddy river is the image of the sun seen; so in your wakeful state, the image of the sun is also seen. This egoism—I do this, I do this, I am this, I am that, all this egoism—this selfish apparent self makes its appearance in the wakeful state also. But you see there is a difference in the ego of your dreamland and the ego of your wakeful state. In your dreamland the ego which has been to you as the reflection or shadow of the true 'Atma or God, is fickle, changeable, vague, unsettled, hazy; exactly as the reflection of the sun in the stream when it is upon the mountains is vague, meandering, changeable; and in your wakeful state this ego is definite, permanent, as in slow stream, slow river, when it is flowing upon the plains.

Here is something more to be told. People ask what right you have to call the gross body as the after-effect or resultant of the subtle body. People ask what right you have to place the dream state above the wakeful state. Mark it. Of what elements is your wakeful experience composed? Your wakeful experience rests upon time, space, and causa-

lity. Can you think of any substance, anything in this world, without the idea of time, space and causality entering into it? Never, never. You cannot conceive of anything without time, space, or causality. Impossible to conceive of anything without these. Now this time, space, and causality are like the web and weft of your world. Mark them. They are in your dreamland and they are in your wakeful state. You know, Max Muller, in his translation of *Kant's Critique of Pure Reason*, while giving his introduction says that Kant teaches the same philosophy as Vedanta. He says that Kant has clearly shown that time, space, and causality are *a priori* and the Hindus have not shown it. Rama is going to tell you that Max Muller did not read enough of the Hindu Scriptures. Rama is going to tell you that the Hindus proved time, space, and causality to be *a priori*, to be subjective, and out of that it is shown that the wakeful experience of yours is from one standpoint the after-effect of your dreamland experience. You will patiently listen. In your deep sleep state you have no idea of time, no idea of space, no idea

of causality. You come down to the dream-land. There time makes its appearance, space comes into existence, and causality also comes into existence. The Hindus tell you that the time, space, and causality of your dreamland came out of your deep sleep state in the same way as the tiny sprout comes forth from the seed, in its feeble, weak form; and in your wakeful state, the time, space, and causality ripen into the state of a mighty tree. They become strong and ripen into the state of a mighty river; they assume their gross form; just as you develop, the ideas of time, space, and causation also develop with you, understanding that the subject is nothing else but a resultant of time, space, and causation as they develop. In your dreams you have time, but compare the time of your dreams with the time of your wakeful state. The time of the dream is fickle, vague, hazy, dim, unsettled, indefinite, and the time of the wakeful state is naturally the ripened form, I say, the strong developed form of your time in the dreamland. In your dreams, you know the dead become alive and the living become dead

sometimes. It is not so in your wakeful state. The time is definite; the past becomes future, and the future becomes past in your dreamland; it is not so in the wakeful state. You may have heard of Mohammed who in his dream spent a lot of time in ascending to the eighth heaven, but when he woke up, he found that only two seconds had passed.

Similarly, the things of your wakeful state are different not in kind but in intensity, in degree, from the things of your dreamland state. In your dreaming state the things are changeable, fickle, vague, indefinite. They can be changed, just as a sapling can be made to grow any way you like, but when it becomes a gigantic tree, it cannot be changed, diverted, or moulded into any other shape. In your dreamland you now see a woman, and in a second she becomes a mare, a horse. You now find before you a man alive and in no time he becomes dead. You now find a mountain before you and in no time it becomes fire. The things which you find in your dreaming state were not present in the deep sleep state. Out of the deep sleep state, they sprang up, as

out of the glaciers spring up the small rivers, fickle rivulets, and in your wakeful state these *a priori* forms of time and space ripen into a stiff, rigid form, become definite and get a rigidity of their own.

The wisdom of your dreamland, the intellect of your dreamland is related to the wakeful state. Rama knows by personal experience that oft times in dreams, when a student, he solved the hardest problems on which he had been meditating, but when waking up did not know how to solve them. Oh, there was fault in the arguments. The arguments of your dreamland are also fickle, changeable, and related to the arguments of your wakeful state as the more developed tree is related to the fickle sapling to the changeable bud, changeable small tree.

Oft times Rama wrote poetry in dreams, but when he got up and looked at that poetry, the lines did not scan and it was not coherent; there was want of continuity, unity. The reasoning of the dreamland is related to the reasoning of the wakeful state as the subtle body of the river is related to the gross body,

and the space of your dreamland is related to the space of your wakeful state in the same way. Space is rigid, constant, invariable. Now you will say, no, no, how is it that in our dreams we always see the same things which we see in our wakeful state? Our dreams are only the reminiscences, are only the remembrances of our wakeful state. Rama says what of that? Let it be so. What is the seed? Out of a seed comes up a beautiful sapling; it is changeable and fickle, and out of this changeable, fickle sapling grows out or develops forth a gigantic, strong, rigid tree. All right. Again, out of this rigid tree come some more seeds, the same kind of seeds as gave rise to this tree. Now in the seeds, the whole tree is contained. The tree has put all its essence and all its power back into the seeds. Then should we argue that the tree did not spring from the seed? Have we any right to argue that the tree did not come out of the seed? No, no, we have no right to argue that way.

Similarly the Vedanta says that the *Shushupti*, I say the seed state of yours, the deep sleep state, is like the seed. Out of that comes

the dreamland and from that flows out, as it were, or develops the wakeful, gross body. And again if your wakeful experience can be condensed back into your sleep, it is but natural. If your wakeful experience can be condensed or forced into your dreamland, into your dreaming experience, it does not contradict Rama's statement. Let it be. Still that will not enlitle you to say that your wakeful state did not develop out of your subtle body or the dreamland. You are not entitled to say that. Exactly as when the whole tree is condensed and put into the seed, this does not entitle us to say that the tree did not spring from the seed. If in your dreams you usually have the reminiscences of your wakeful state, that does not entitle you to gainsay the statement made by Rama that out of time, space, and causation, out of the differentiation of the dreamland, or the dreaming experience, was developed, or evolved the wakeful experience.

The Vedanta philosophy says that the dreamland or wakeful experience originated from the nothingness or chaos of your deep

sleep. When the Hindus say that the world is nothing, or the world is the result of ignorance, they mean that the deep sleep state in which you had a kind of nothing, a chaos, that chaos or nothing of your deep sleep state is ignorance, condensed ignorance; if you want to say ignorance *per se*, there the deep sleep state is the ignorance *per se*, and out of that ignorance or darkness comes this world, comes this differentiation and change, and that ignorance is changeable. You know, in your dreamland you have two kinds of things, the subject and the object, and according to the Vedanta, the subject and object make their appearance simultaneously. There in your dreams, you become the seer on one side and the object seen on the other side. If you see a horse and the rider in a dream, both make their appearance together; if you see a mountain in the dream, the mountain is the object and you the seer or observer. There the object and the subject make their appearance together. There by a kind of time the past and future of the dream is also simultaneous with the object; the past, present, and future

of the dream, the infinity of the dream, the causation of the dream and the subject and object of the dream, all these make their appearance simultaneously.

Similarly, the Vedanta says, in your wakeful state also you are the object seen and you are the seeing subject; you are the friends and foes on that side and you are their observer on the other side; you are the enemies on one side and you are the friends on the other side; you are everything. But all these apparent phenomena of the dream, phenomena of the deep sleep state, phenomena of the wakeful state, all these phenomena are mutable, changeable, fickle, uncertain, indefinite. The real Self which was compared to the sun, the real Atma, shines upon the three bodies in the same way that the sun shines upon the three bodies of the river, that Atma is immutable, unchangeable. That Atma or sun shines upon the glacier of your deep sleep state; by your Atma or sun is the deep sleep state illumined; and by that Atma or sun is your wakeful experience illumined. And you see again that the sun shines not only upon the three bodies

of one river, but the same sun shines upon the three bodies of all the rivers in this world in exactly the same way. Similarly, what if the river of this body is different from the river of that body? What if this river of life flows in a different way from the river of life in that case? But all these rivers of life, all these streams of existence have the same Eternal, Immutable, Constant Atma, or the Sun of suns, the Light of lights, shining over them at all times, under all circumstances, unchangeable, immutable. That you are, that you are. That is the real Self, and your real Self is the real Self of your friend, is the real Self of each and all. Your real Self is not only present with you in the wakeful state, it is equally present in the deep sleep state; it is equally present under all changes and circumstances.

Realize that real Self stands above all anxiety, above all fear, stands above all tribulation and trouble. Nobody can harm you, no one can injure you.

> Break, break, beeak at the feet of thy crags, oh sea,
> Break, break, break at my feet, O world that be,

O suns and storms, O earthquakes, wars,
Hail, welcome, come, try all your force on me!
Ye nice torpedoes, fire! my playthings, crack!
O shooting stars, my arrows, fly!
You burning fire! can you consume?
O threatening one, you flame from me;
You flaming sword, you cannon ball,
My energy headlong drives forth thee!
The body dissolved is cast to winds;
Well doth Infinity me enshrine!
All ears my ears, all eyes my eyes,
All hands my hands, all minds my minds!
I swallowed up death, all difference I drank up,
How sweet and strong a food I find!
No fear, no grief, no hankering pain;
All, all delight, or sun or rain!
Ignorance, darkness, quaked and quivered,
Trembled, shivered, vanished, for ever
My dazzling light did parch and scorch it,
Joy ineffable! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!!

THE REAL SELF.

(Lecture delivered on 7th January, 1903, Golden Gate Hall, San Francisco.)

The All-powerful God in the form of ladies and gentlemen,

In German folk-lore we hear about a man who lost his shadow. That is a very strange thing. A man lost his shadow and that man had to suffer for it. All his friends deserted him; all prosperity left him, and he was in a very sorry plight for it. What will you think of a man who instead of losing his shadow loses the substance? There may be hope for a man who loses only the shadow, but what hope can there be for a man who loses the real substance, the body?

Such is the case of the majority of people in this world. Most men have lost not their shadow but their substance, the reality. Wonder of wonders! The body is simply the shadow, and the real Self, the real Atma, is the reality. Everybody will tell us about his

shadow, everybody will tell us anything and everything about his body, but how few are there who will tell us anything and every thing about their real Self, the real Soul, the real Atma. What are you? What is the use of gaining the whole world and losing your own soul? People are trying to gain the whole world and they miss the Soul, they miss the Atma. Lost, lost, lost. What is lost? The horse or the rider? The horseman is lost. The body is like the horse, and the Atma, the true Self, the Soul, is like the rider. The rider is lost, the horse is there. Everybody will tell us anything and everything about the horse, but we want to know something about the rider, the horseman, the owner of the horse. To-night we propose to know what the horseman or the rider, the true Self, the Atma is. That is a deep subject; that is a subject upon which the philosophers of the world have been racking their brains, upon which each and all have been trying their best. It is a deep subject, and it is hard to do justice to this subject within this short space of one hour or so. Still we shall try to make it as easy as possible by

means of an illustration or story.

This subject was explained once to a young boy of the age of about 15 or 16, and he understood it thoroughly in a short time. If that boy of the age of 15 or 16 could understand it; each and all of you will be able to understand the subject thoroughly, provided you pay close, undivided attention. The method of exposition will be the same as was adopted in the case of that small boy.

Once upon a time, the son of an Indian king came to Rama in the mountains, and put this question, "Swami, Swami, what is God?" This is a deep question, a very difficult problem. This is the one subject which all the theologies and all the religions propose to investigate, and you want to know all about it in a short time. He said, "Yes, sir, yes, Swami. Where shall I go to have it explained? Explain it to me." The boy was asked, "Dear prince, you want to know what God is, you want to make acquaintance with God but do you not know that the rule is when a man wants to see a great personage, he will have to send his own card first, he will have to send to

the chief his own address and name? Now you want to see God. You had better send to God your card; you had better let God know what you are. Give Him your card. I will place it in the hands of God directly and God will come to you, and you will see what God is." Well, the boy said, "It is all right, it is reasonable. I will directly let you know what I am. I am the son of king so and so, living on the Himalayas in Northern India. This is my name." He wrote it out on a piece of paper. It was taken up by Rama and read. It was not put into the hands of God directly, but was given baok to that prince and the prince was told, "O prince, you do not know what you are. You are like the illiterate, ignorant person who wants to see your father, the king, and cannot write his own name. Will your father, the king receive him? Prince, you cannot write your name. How will God receive you? First, tell us correctly what you are, and then will God come to you and receive you with open arms."

The boy reflected. He began to think and think over the subject. He said, "Swami,

swami, now I see, now I see. I made a mistake in writing my own name. I have given you the address of the body only, and I have not put upon the paper what I am."

There was another attendant of that prince standing by. The attendant could not understand it. Now the prince was asked to make his meaning clear to this attendant, and so the prince asked the attendant this question, "Mr. so and so, to whom does this card belong?" The man said, "To me," and then taking up a stick from the hands of the attendant the prince asked him, "O Mr. so and so, to whom does this stick belong?" The man said, "To me." "Well, to whom does this turban of yours belong?" The man said, "To me." The prince said, "All right. If the turban belongs to you, there is a relation between the turban and you; the turban is your property, and you are the owner. Then you are not the turban, the turban is yours." He said, "Indeed, that is so plain." "Well, the pencil belongs to you, the pencil is yours, and you are not the pencil." He said, "I am not the pencil because the pencil is mine; that is

my property, I am the owner." All right. Then the prince asked that attendant, taking hold of the ears of that attendant, "Whom do these ears belong to ?" The attendant said, "To me." The price said, "All right, the ears belong to you, the ears are yours, consequently you are not the ears. All right. The nose belongs to you. As the nose is yours, you are not the nose. Similarly, whose body is that ?" (just beckoning to the body of the attendant.) The attendant said, "The body is mine ; this body is mine." "If the body is yours, Mr. attendant, then you are not the body ; you cannot be the body because you say that the body is yours ; you cannot be the body. The very statement—my body, my ears, my head, my hand proves that you are something else and the body together with the ears and hands and eyes, etc., is something else. This is your property, you are the owner, the master; the body is like your garment and you are the owner. The body is like your horse and you are the rider. Now, what are you ?" The attendant understood it so far, and also concurred with the prince in saying that when

the prince had put down on paper the address of the body and had meant that this address stood for himself, the prince had made a mistake. "You are not the body, not the ears, not the nose, not the eyes, nothing of the kind. What are you then?" Now the prince began to reflect, and said, "Well, well, I am the mind, I am the mind, I must be the mind." "Is that so indeed?" The question was put to that prince now.

Now, can you tell me how many bones you have got in your body? Can you tell where the food lies in your body that you took this morning? The prince could make no answer, and these words escaped his lips, "Well, my intellect does not reach that. I have not read that. I have not yet read anything of physiology or anatomy. My brain does not catch it, my mind cannot comprehend it."

Now the prince was asked, "Dear prince, O good boy, you say your mind cannot comprehend it, your intellect cannot reach up to that, your brain cannot understand this. By making these remarks you confess or admit that the brain is yours, the mind is yours, the

intellect is yours. Well, if the intellect is yours, you are not the intellect. If the mind is yours you are not the mind. If the brain is yours, you are not the brain. These very words of yours show that you are the master of the intellect, the owner of the brain and the ruler of the mind. You are not the mind, the intellect or the brain. What are you? Think, think, please. Be more careful and let us know correctly what you are. Then will God be just brought to you, and you will see God, you will be introduced directly into the presence of God. Please tell us what you are."

The body began to think, and thought and thought but could not go further. The boy said, "My intellect, my mind, cannot reach further."

Oh, how true are these words! Indeed the mind or intellect cannot reach the true Divinity or God within. The real Atma, the true God is beyond the reach of words and minds.

The boy was asked to sit down for a while and meditate upon what his intellect had reached so far. "I am not the body; I am not the mind." If so, feel it, put it into practice,

repeat it in the language of feeling, in the language of action; realise that you are not the body. If you live this thought only, if you work into practice even so much of the truth, if you are above the body and the mind, you become free from all anxiety, all fear. Fear leaves you when you raise yourself above the level of the body or the mind. All anxiety ceases, all sorrow is gone, when you realize even so much of the Truth that you are something beyond the body, beyond the mind.

After that, the boy was helped on a little to realize what he himself is, and he was asked, "Brother, prince, what have you done to-day? Will you please let us know the work or deeds that you have performed this morning?"

He began to relate, "I woke up early in the morning, took bath, and did this thing and that thing, took my breakfast, read a great deal, wrote some letters, visited some friends, received some friends, and came here to pay my respects to the swami."

Now the prince was asked, "Is that all? Have you not done a great deal more? Is that all? Just see." He thought and thought; and

then mentioned a few other things of the same sort. "That is not all; you have done thousands of things more; you have done hundreds, thousands, nay, millions of things more. Innumerable deeds you have done, and you refuse to make mention of them This is not becoming. Please let us know what you have done. Tell us everything that you have done this morning."

The prince, hearing such strange words that he had done thousands of things besides the few that he had named, was startled. "I have not done anything more than what I have told you, Sir, I have not done anything." "No, you have done millions, trillions, quadrillions of things more." How is that?

The boy was asked, "What is looking at the Swami at this time?" He said, "I." "Are you seeing this face, this river Ganges that flows beside us?" He said, "Yes, indeed. "Well, you see the river and you see the face of the Swami, but who makes the six muscles in the eyes more? You know the six muscles in the eyes move, but who makes the muscles move? It cannot be anybody else; it cannot be

anything extra. It must be your own Self that makes the muscles in the eyes move in the act of seeing."

The boy said, "Oh, indeed, it must be I; it cannot be anything else."

"Well, who is seeing just now, who is attending to this discourse?" The body said, "I, it is I." "Well, if you are seeing, if you are attending to this discourse, who is making the oratory nerves vibrate? It must be you, it must be you. Nobody else. Who took the meals this morning" The boy said, "I, I." "Well, if you took the meals this morning, and it is you that will go to the toilet and vacate, who is it that assimilates and digests the food? Who is it, please? Tell us if you ate and you threw it out,. it must be you who digests, it must be yourself that assimilates, it cannot be anybody else. Those days are gone when outside causes were sought after to explain the phenomena in nature. If a man fell down, the cause of his fall was said to be some outside ghost. Science does not admit such solutions of the problem. Science and philosophy. require you to seek the cause of a

phenomenon in the phenomenon itself.

Here you take the food, go into the toilet and throw it off. When it is digested, it must be digested by yourself, no outside power comes and digests it; it musts be your own Self. The cause of digestion also must be sought within you and not without you."

Well, the boy admitted so far. Now he was asked, "Dear Prince, just reflect, just think for a while. The process of digestion implies hundreds of kinds of movements. In the process of digestion, in mastication, saliva is emitted from the glands in the mouth. Here is again the next process of oxidation going on. Here is blood being formed. There is the blood coursing through the veins, there is the same food being converted into carnatic muscles, bones, and hair; here is the process of growth going on in the body. Here are a great many processes going on, and all these processes in the body are connected with the process of assimilation and digestion.

If you take the food, it is you yourself who are the cause of respiration; you yourself make the blood course through your veins;

you yourself make the hair grow; you yourself make the body develop, and here mark how many processes there are; how many works, how many deeds there are that you are performing every moment."

The boy began to think and said, "Indeed, indeed, sir, in my body, in this body, there are thousands of processes that the intellect does not know, about which the mind is unconscious, and still they are being performed, and it must be I that am the cause of all that; it must be I that am performing all that; and indeed it was a mistake I made when I said that I had done a few things, a few things only, and nothing more, a few things that were done through the agency of the intellect or mind."

It must be made further clear. In this body of yours there are two kinds of functions being discharged; there are two kinds of works being done, involuntary and voluntary. Voluntary acts are those that are performed through the agency of the intellect or mind; for instance, reading, writing, walking, talking and drinking. These are acts done through the agency of the intellect or mind. Besides

these, there are thousands of acts or processes being performed directly, so to say, without the agency, or without the medium of mind or intellect; for instance, respiration, the coursing of blood through the veins, the growth of hair, etc.

People make this mistake, this glaring blunder that they admit only those acts to be performed by them which are performed through the agency of mind or intellect. All the other deeds, all the other acts which are being performed directly without the agency of intellect or mind, are disclaimed entirely. They are entirely cast aside, they are entirely neglected, and by this neglect and by this mistake, by this imprisoning the real Self in the little mind, identifying the Infinity with the small brain, people are making themselves miserable and wretched. People say, "Oh, God is within me." All right, the Kingdom of Heaven is within you, God is within you, but that kernel which is within you, that kernel is yourself and not the shell. Please think over it seriously. Reflect whether you are the kernel or the shell, whether you are He that

is within you, or you are the shell that is without.

Some people say, "O sir, I eat and nature digests; O sir, I see but nature makes the muscles move; O sir, I hear, but it is nature that makes the nerves vibrate." Mark in the name of justice, in the name of truth, in the name of freedom, just mark, whether you are that nature or whether you are the mere body. Mark, you are that nature. You are the infinite God. If throwing aside all prejudice, waiving all preconceptions and casting of all superstition, you reflect over the matter, discuss it, sift it, investigate it, examine it, you will become of the same mind as what you call Rama standing for. You will see that you are the kernel, the nature, the whole nature you are.

Most of you may have understood the drift of the argument; but that boy, that Indian prince, did not understand it thoroughly. "Well," he said, "indeed I have understood it so far that I am something beyond the intellect." At this time the attendant of the prince asked, "Sir, make it more clear to me, I have not quite comprehended it yet." Well, that

attendant was asked, "Mr. so and so, when you go to bed, do you die or live?" The attendant said, "I live; I do not die." "And what about the intellect?" He said, "I go on dreaming, the intellect is still there." "And when you are in the deep sleep state (you know there is a state called the deep sleep state, in that state no dreams even are seen), where is the intellect, where is the mind?"

He began to think, "Well, it passes into nothingness; it is no longer there, the intellect is not there, the mind is not there, but are you there or not?" He said, "Oh, indeed I must be there; I cannot die, I remain there." Well, mark here, even in the deep sleep state, where the intellect ceases, where the intellect is, as it were, like a garment hoisted on a peg, hoisted on a post, like an overcoat the intellect is taken off and placed upon the post, you are still there, you do not die out. The boy said, "The intellect is not there, and I do not die out. This I do not quite comprehend."

Well, the boy asked, "When you wake up after enjoying this deep sleep, when you wake up, do you not make such statements, 'I

enjoyed a profound sleep to-night, I had no dreams to-night.' Do you not make remarks of that kind?" He said, "Yes." Well. This point is very subtle. All of you will have to listen closely. When after waking up from the deep sleep state, this remark is made, "I slept so soundly that I saw no dreams, I saw no rivers, no mountains, in that state there was no father, no mother, no house, no family nothing of the kind; all was dead and gone; there was nothing, nothing, nothing there, I slept and there was nothing there." This statement is like the statement made by the man who bore witness to the desolation of a place, and said, "At the dead of night, at such and such a place, there was not a single human being present." That man was asked to write out this statement. He put it on paper. The magistrate asked him, "Well, is this statement true?" He said, "Yes, Sir." "Well, is this statement made on hearsay, or founded upon your own evidence, are you an eye-witness?" He said, "Yes Sir, I am an eye-witness. This is not based on hearsay." "You are an eye-witness that at the time mentioned on the

paper and at the place mentioned on the paper, there was not a single human being present?" He said, "Yes. "What are you? Are you a human being or not?" He said, "Yes, I am a human being." "Well, then, if this statement is to be true according to you, it must be wrong according to us, because, as you were present and you are a human being, the statement that there was not a single human being present is not literally true. You were present there. In order that this statement may be true according to you, it must be false according to us, because in order that there might be nobody, there must be something, must be at least yourself, present at the time."

So when you wake up after enjoying the deep sleep state and make this remark, "I did not see anything in the dream." Well, we may say that you must have been present; there was no father, no mother, no husband, no wife, no house, no river, no family present in that state, but you must have been present; the very evidence that you give, the very witness that you bear proves that you did not sleep, that you did not go to sleep, for had you been

asleep, who would have told us about the nothingness of that? You are something beyond the intellect; the intellect was asleep, the brain was at rest in a way, but you were not asleep. If you had been asleep, who would have made the blood run through the blood vessels, who would have continued the process of digestion in the stomach? Who would have continued the process of the growth of your body, if you had really fallen into the deep sleep state? So you are something which is never asleep. The intellect sleeps, but not you. "I am something beyond the intellect, mind and body."

Now the boy said, "Sir, sir, I have understood it so far, and have come to know that I am a power divine, that I am the infinite power which never sleeps, never changes. In my youth, the body was different, in my childhood the mind was not the same as I have now, the body was not the same as I have now. In my childhood, my intellect, brain, body and mind were entirely different from what they are now." Doctors tell us that after seven years, the whole system undergoes a

thorough change; every moment the body is changing, and every second the mind is changing, and the mental thoughts, the mental ideas which you entertained in your childhood, where are they now? In the days of childhood you looked up on the sun as a beautiful cake which was eaten by the angels, the moon was a beautiful piece of lead; the stars were as big as diamonds. Where are these ideas gone? The mind of yours, the intellect of yours has undergone a thorough, a wholesale change. But you still say, "When I was a child, when I was a boy, when I shall grow up to the age of seventy." You still make such remarks which show that you are something which was the same in childhood, which was the same in boyhood, which will be the same at this age of seventy. When you say, "I went to sleep, I went into the deep sleep state, etc.," when you make remarks of that kind, it shows that there is the true 'I' in you, the real Self in you, which remains the same in the dreamland, which remains the same in the deep sleep state, which remains the same in the wakeful state. There is something within

you which remains the same when you are in a swoon, which remains the same when you are bathing, when you are writing. Just think, reflect, just mark, please. Are you not something which remains the same under all circumstances, unchanging in its being, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever? If so, just reflect a little more, think a little more and you will be immediately brought face to face with God. You know the promise was, know yourself, put down your right address on paper, and God will be introduced to you immediately.

Now, the boy, the prince, expected that as he knew about himself, he had come to know that he was something unchanging, something constant, something which was never asleep. Now he wanted to know what God is. The prince was asked; "Brother, mark, here are these trees growing. Is the power that makes this tree grow different from the power that makes that tree grow? He said, "No, no, it must be the same power, certainly." "Now, is the power which makes all these trees grow different from the power that makes the bo

dies of animals grow? He said, "No, no, it cannot be different, it must be the same." "Now, is the power, the force, which makes the stars move, different from the power which makes these rivers flow?" He said, "It cannot be different, it must be the same." Well, now the power that makes these trees grow cannot be different from the power which makes your body grow, it cannot be different from the power which makes your hair grow. The same universal power of nature, the same universal Divinity, or the Unknowable, which makes the stars shine, makes your eyes twinkle, the same power which is the cause of the growth of that body's hair which you call mine, the same power makes the blood course through the veins of each and all. Indeed, and then what are you? Are you not that power which makes your hair grow, which makes your blood flow through your veins, which makes your food get digested? Are you not that power? That power which is beyond the intellect, the mind, indeed you are. If so, you are the same power which is governing the force of the whole

Universe, you are the same Divinity, you are the same God, the same Unknowable, the same energy, force, substance anything you may call it, the same Divinity, the All which is present everywhere. The same, the same you are.

The boy was astonished and he said, "Really, really, I wanted to know God. I put the question what God is, and I find my own Self, my true Atma is God. What was I asking, what did I ask, what a silly question did I put! I had to know myself. I had to know what I am, and God was known." Thus was God known.

The only difficulty in the way of realizing this truth is that people play the part of children. You know, chilren sometimes take a fancy to a particular kind of plate and do not want to eat anything except when it is served to them in the plates which have their fancy. They will say, "I will eat in my plate, I will eat in my dish, I won't have anything in any other plate." O children! see it is not this particular plate alone which is yours; all the plates in the house are yours; all the

golden dishes are yours: This is a mistake. If the people in this world know themselves, they will find the true Self to be God Almighty, to be the Infinite Power, but they have taken a fancy for this particular plate, this head, brain. "What is done through the brain only, that is done by me. What is done through the mind or intellect, that is mine, and all else I won't have; all else I disclaim. I will have only that which is served to me in this particular plate." Herein comes selfishness. They want to get everything done throgh this plate and to take credit for this plate, they want to have everything accumulated around this little plate, which they call particularly themselves, that with which they have identified themselves. This is the cause of all selfishness, all anxiety and misery. Get rid of this false notion; realize your true Self to be the All; rise above this selfish egoism, you are happy this moment, one with the whole universe you are. This is a mistake of the same character as that which the prince made. The prince was put a catch question. Where is your place? and he named the met-

ropolis of the state. "That is my place." O boy, that metropolis of the state is not the only place you have got. The whole state, the whole country is yours. You live in that metropolis, that capital of the state, while that capital is not the only place that is yours, the whole state is yours, this magnificent landscape, these fairy scenes, this grand Himalayan scenery, all this belongs to you, and not only that particular small town.

This is the mistake made by the people. This intellect or brain may be called the metropolis or the capital of your real Self, the Atma. You have no right to claim this to yourself and deny everything else; this little metropolis of the brain, this metropolis of the mind or intellect is not the only place you have got. The wide world, the whole universe is yours. The suns, the stars, the moons, the earths, the planets, the milkyways, all these are yours. Realize that. Just regain your birthright; and all anxiety, all misery ceases.

People talk about freedom; people talk about salvation. What is it that has bound you first? If you want to be free, if you want

to get salvation, you ought to know what is the cause of your bondage. It is just like a monkey in the fable. A monkey is caught in India in a very queer manner. A narrow-necked basin is fixed in the ground, and in that basin are put some nuts and other eatables which the monkeys like. The monkeys come up and thrust their hands into the narrow-necked basin and fill their hands with the nuts. The fist becomes thick and it cannot be taken out. There the monkey is caught; he cannot come out. Queerly, strangely is he caught.

We ask what it is that binds you first. You yourself have brought you under thraldom and bondage. Here is the whole wide world, a grand magnificent forest; and in this grand magnificent wood of the whole universe, there is a narrow-necked vessel found. What is that narrow-necked vessel? It is your brain; this little brain, narrow-necked. Herein are some nuts and people have got hold of these nuts and all what is done through the agency of the brain or through the medium of this intellect, is owned as one's own. "I am the mind," is

what everybody says; everybody has practically identified himself with the mind, "I am the mind," "I am the intellect," and he takes a strong grip of these nuts of these narrow-necked vessels. That is what makes you slaves, that is what makes you slaves to anxiety, slaves to fear, slaves to temptations, slaves to all sorts of troubles. That is what binds you; that is the cause of all the suffering in this world. If you want salvation, if you want freedom, only let go the hold, free your hand. The whole forest is yours, you can jump from tree to tree and eat all the nuts and eat all the walnuts and all the fruits in the wood, all being yours. The whole world is yours; just get rid of this selfish ignorance, and you are free, you are your own saviour.

"Making a famine where abundance lies,
(Is it fair? No, it is not fair, it is not becoming.)
Making a famine where abundance lies,
This thy foe, to thy sweet self so cruel,
Should not be so, should not do this,
Within thine own bud buriest thou content,
Thou makest waste and niggarding.
Be not niggardly, be not miserly."

(It is niggardliness to give away all this

property and confine thyself unto the few things in this little brain only.)

You will see that this brain of yours will become of infinite power if you realise your oneness with the All. That is what puts you in perfect harmony with world.

"Oh, we can wait no longer,
We too take ship, O soul,*
Joyous we too launch out on trackless seas
Fearless for unkown shores on waves of ecstacy to sail.
Amid the wafting winds, (thou pressing me to thee, I thee to me, O soul).

Carolling free, singing our song of God,
Chanting our chant of pleasant exploration
With laugh and many a kiss,
(Let others deprecate, let others weep for sin, remorse, humiliation)
O soul, thou pleasest me, I thee.

Ah more than any priest, O soul, we too believe in God,
But with the mystery of God we dare not daily.
O soul, thou pleasest me, I thee,
Sailing these seas or on the hills, or waking in the night,

*Here the word soul means intellect.

Thought, silent thoughts on Time and Space and
Death, like waters flowing,
Bear me indeed as through the regions infinite,
Whose air I breathe, whose ripples hear, leve me all
over,
Bathe me, O God, in thee, mounting to thee
I and my soul to range in range of thee

O thou transcendent,
Nameless, the fibre and the breath,
Light of the light, shedding forth universes, thou
centre of them,
Thou mightier centre of the true, the good, the
loving,
Thou moral, spiritual fountain—affection's source
thou reservoir,
(O pensive soul of me—O thirst unsatisfied—waitest
not there?
Waitest not haply for us somewhere there the Com-
rade perfect?)
Thou pulse—thou motive of the stars, suns, systems,
That, circling, move in order, safe, harmonious,
Athwart the shapeless vastnesses of space,
How should I think, how breathe a single breath,
how speak, if, out of myself,
I could not launch to those superior universes?
Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,
At Nature and its wonders, Time and Space and
Death

But that I, turning, call to thee, O soul, thou actual
me,
And lo, thou gently masterest the orbs,
Thou makest Time, smilest content at Death,
And fillest, swellest full the vastnesses of Space.

Greater than stars or suns
Bounding, O soul, thou journeyest forth ;
What love than thine and ours could wider amplify ?
What aspirations, wishes, outvie thine and ours, O
soul ?
Whet dreams of the ideal ? What plans of purity,
perfection, strength ?,
What cheerful willingness for others' sake to give
up all ?
For others' sake to suffer all ?

Reckoning ahead, O soul, when thou, the time
achiev'd
The seas all cross'd, weather'd the capes, the voyage
done,
Surrounded, copest, frontest God, yieldest the aim
attain'd,
As fill'd with friendship, love complete, the Elder
Brother found,
The Younger melts in fondness in his arms.

Passage to more than India !
Are thy wings plumed indeed for such far flights ?

O soul, voyagest thou indeed on voyages like those?
Disportest thou on waters such as those?
Soundest below the Sanskrit and the Vedas?
Then have thy bent unleash'd.

Passage to you, your shores, ye aged fierce enigmas!
Passage to you, to mastership of you, ye strangling problems,
You, strew'd with the wrecks of skeletons, that, living, never reach'd you."

Sail on march on to the real self; get rid of all this superstition, this superstition of the body. Get rid of this hypnotism of this little body; you have hypnotized yourself into this brain or body. Get rid of that, sail on, march on to the enternity, the reality, the true self; passage to more than India.

Passage to more than India!
O Secret of the earth and sky!

Of you, O waters of the sea! O winding creeks and rivers!
Of you, O woods and fields! of you strong mountains of my land!
Of you, (prairies! of you, gray rocks!
O morning red! O clouds! O rain snows!
O day and night, passage to you!

Rise above the body, and you become all

these, you get a passage unto all these. All these you realise yourself to be.

O sun and moon and all you stars! Sirius and Jupiter!
Passage to you!

Passage, immediate passage! the blood burns in my veins!
Away, O soul! hoist instantly the anchor!

Cut the hawsers—haul out—shake out every sail!
Have we not stood here like trees in the ground long enough?
Have we not grovel'd here long enough, eating and drinking like mere brutes?
Have we not darken'd and dazed ourselves with books long enough?

Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only,
Reckless O soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me,
For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go.
And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all,

O my brave soul!
O farther, farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe! are they not all the seas of God?
O farther, father sail!

SIN—ITS RELATION TO THE ATMAN OR REAL SELF.

(Lecture, delivered on November 16, 1902, in the Academy of Sciences, San Francisco.)

My own self in the form of sisters and brothers.

To-day's subject is in continuation of the several lectures that have been delivered during the last week. Those who have heard the previous lectures will understand it most.

Rama is not going in this lecture to enter into the definition of sin, or how this sin is in this world, who brought it, whence it came, why is it that some people are more sinful than others, why is it that some people have more greed than others, and others have more anger than greed. These questions will be taken up in some other lecture if time allows.

We use the word sin to-night in its ordinary sense or in the sense in which all the Christian world takes it.

In India, in a certain temple, a man was

seen distributing sweets. The way with Indians is that on occasions of great joy and prosperity, they distribute sweets or some other things among the poor. Somebody came and asked what the cause of this rejoicing was. The man said that he had lost his horse; that was the cause of his rejoicing. The people were astonished and surprised. They said, "Well, you have lost a horse and you are rejoicing?" He said, "Misunderstand me not. I have lost a horse but I have saved the rider. My horse was stolen by a band of robbers. I was not riding the horse at the time the horse was stolen. Had I been mounted on the horse, I might also have been stolen. I am thankful that I was not stolen with the horse, and that it was only the horse that was stolen." The people laughed heartily. What a simple man!

Sisters and brothers, this story seems to be ridiculous. But every one has to apply it to himself and examine whether he or she is not behaving worse than that man. He lost the horse, but saved himself, the rider. Oh, but thousands, nay millions of people—what are

they doing? They are trying to save the horse and lose the rider. There is the worst of it. So he had high occasion to rejoice when he saved the rider and lost the horse. Everybody knows that the real spirit, or the real self, ego or soul, is related to the astral body as a rider or horseman is related to the horse. But let us go to anybody and ask about his whereabouts and his real nature. What is yourself, what does it do? The answer will be, "I am Mr. so and so? I work in such and such an office". All these signs and all these answers relate to the gross body only. That is to say, these are answers which are not to the point. We ask, "Who are you—what are you?" and his answer does not let us know what he is in reality. It is wide of the mark, not to the point. We ask about his self, and he is telling us about the horse. We want to know about the rider, and he evades the question and tells us things not asked at all. Is it not that we are taking the horse to be the rider? The horse is lost; it is high time to raise a cry lost, lost, lost! Let it be published in newspapers, lost, lost, lost! What is lost? the

horse ? Nay, the horse is not lost. Everybody tells about the horse. The signs, the symbols, and whereabouts of the person, everybody is ready to tell. The thing lost is the rider; the thing lost is the soul, the spirit, the Atman, the true self. Wonder of wonders!

How are we to discover and find out the true self, the rider, the real Atman? The answers to this question were given almost every day during the last week's lectures. To-day we shall see an answer to it from a different point of view—from the phenomenon of sin. What is the origin of sin ? How did sin enter this world? The explanation which is to be given will appear to be preposterous, will appear to be something startling, something very strange. But be not surprised. Even this apparently surprising explanation can be proved to be exactly in accord with the teachings of your own Bible—the Bible which the European people cannot understand in the same way as the Indians; because Christ belongs to Asia, and it can be shown that he also belongs to India. All the similes, figures of speech in the Bible, have so often been

repeated in the Hindu Scriptures. So the Hindus, the Asiatic people, being accustomed to that sort of speech, can understand it better than the Western people. And so the people who will look upon the explanation which will be given presently to be startling and diametrically against their cherished thoughts and highly revered feelings should bear up with it, because after all, this apparently strange explanation is not opposed to the teachings of your own Bible. Before entering upon the problem of sin, we shall discuss a few preliminary matters.

How is it that everybody who is born must die, and still the people can never think of death? The very thought of death causes a shudder in their bodies and sends a thrill into them from the tip of the toes to the top of the head. How is it, we say, that all the kings who existed in the past passed away, all the prophets who raised the dead—their bodies also died away? They brought the dead to life but their bodies are also dead. We see that all the rich men in the past, all the strong men in the past, have died; and from the

intellectual point of view we are sure that our bodies must die sooner or later. You may live three score years and ten, nay, double that—four times that—but you must die; you cannot avoid death. It is so sure. Oh, but wonder of wonders, that in spite of all that, nobody can practically believe in this death. Every one will shun the idea of death; he will not tolerate the thought of death. Everybody goes on expanding his relations with his fellowmen and developing his connections with his fellows, spreading the growth of his field of work, and goes on with his life as if death had never to take hold of him, as if no death were possible for him. How is it? What is the cause? A man mentions the name of death, and there is fever in the whole frame. Why is it? It is so certain on the one hand, and on the other hand, we cannot allow it to touch our thoughts even, just as a bird, after some water falls on its wings, will shed it off. How is it that we can never believe in death practically? You may sing songs which portray death, but can never believe in death in practice. What is the cause? The Vedanta gives an explanation

and says that the real cause is that your real self is incapable of death. Your real self can never die. The body which is to die, which is dying every moment—by death let us understand here change—which is undergoing a change every second, and is dying out, is not your real Self. There is something in you which can never die. In conjunction with it there is the soul, the real spirit which can never die. But you will say that in practical life, in every day life, we do not believe that the spirit is not to die, but we believe that our bodies should not die—believe that our bodies should remain immortal. Now the Vedantic philosophy of Hindu religion says that it is true that, whereas it is the spirit that is not to die and the body that is to die, yet the attributes of the spirit, the glory of the real self or ego, are by mistake attributed to the mortal body. There is ignorance at the root. This thought is universal. It is present everywhere, in all countries, and is present even in the animal kingdom. No other philosophy than the Vedanta explains the universality of this belief. Now the universality of this belief

is a fact, and this fact ought to be explained. Any philosophy which does not explain all the facts in nature is no philosophy. The Vedanta does not leave this fact unexplained, as most of the philosophies do. The cause must be intrinsic. The days of refering to external cause are gone. A man falls down and the cause of his fall should be shown within himself. He may say the ground was slippery, or something like that. The cause must be shown in the phenomenon and not without it. And if the cause can be found within the phenomenon, we have no right to go to outside causes. How are you to explain a practical belief in immortality by a cause which may be internal and not external? In the body we find nothing which could give us that faith, which could give us that belief of immortality. In the mind we find nothing which could give us that idea. Go beyond the mind, go beyond the body, and the Vedanta points out the true spirit, the true Atman which was described in a previous lecture. That is immortal, the witness light, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. Therein we

can find the cause of his universal faith in 'no death'. And in practical life the mistake made is the same as the mistake made by all mankind previous to the time of Galileo. The motion of the earth is attributed to the sun. The same mistake lies in your attributing the divine immortality of the spirit to the body.

Now the question comes,—the immortal soul is there and the mortal body is there, and along with them there is ignorance, want of knowledge. Wherefrom did this want of knowledge come? Here we see that ignorance is in man, and that divine spirit is in man, and the body is also in man. These things are internal; none of them is external, none of them is outside your range. And by the action of these, the body and mind and the immortal spirit and ignorance, there is explained the presence of the phenomenon of practical disbelief in the death of the body.

Again, how is it that nobody in this world can be free, and yet everybody regards himself as free, and thinks of freedom, and freedom is so much desired. You will say that man is free. Have you not so many passions, desires and

temptations? How then can you call yourselves free? Sweet fruits or delicious foods can make you a slave. Any attractive colour can at once captivate you, charm you and make you a slave. Any thought of wordly prosperity can make you a slave, and still you call yourselves free. Examine it minutely, whether you can do what you like with prefect freedom. Is it not that something goes wrong with your affairs and you cannot control your temper? You are a slave of anger, you are a slave of passions. How it is that people cannot, as a matter of fact, be prefectly free, and still they are all the time thinking of freedom, talking of freedom, and freedom is so sweet, so desirable, so lovely!

In India, Sunday is the day of freedom, and children are taught the day of the week through the thought of freedom. Every day they ask their mothers, what is the day? She tells them it is Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday. Then they begin to count on their fingers Tuesday, Wednesday etc. Oh! when will Sunday come?

What is it that causes so much bloodshed

on the face of the earth? The thought of liberty, freedom. What was the thought that made the Americans sever their connection with what they used to call their motherland? What was it? The thought of freedom. And what is the object of every religion? In Sanskrit we have the word *moksha* which means salvation, which means freedom, liberty. O liberty, liberty, liberty! Everybody hungers and thirsts after sweet liberty. And yet how many men are there who are really free? Very few.

In this world, the Vedanta says, you are all the time confined in a prison, a prison with threefold walls—the wall of time, the wall of space, and the wall of causation. When every thought of yours, every deed of yours is determined by the chain of causation and by that chain you are bound, how can you be free while living in this world? And still freedom is the hobby of each and all. Is not that paradoxical and strange? Does it not appear to be a contradiction in terms? Explain that.

The Vedanta says there is a cause for it, and the cause is *within* you, it is not without

yourself. This thought of freedom in you-this universal thought tells us that there is something in you; and that something in you is your true Self, the real *me*, because this freedom you want to have for *me*, for the *I*, the real Self, and for nobody else. There is something in you which is really free unlimited unbound. The universality of this idea preaches in unmistakable language that the real Self, the real Atman, is something which is absolutely free. But owning to the same kind of mistake which the ignorant people make in attributing the motion of the earth to the sun and bringing the rays of the sun to the earth—interchanging the attributes through ignorance—we want to have freedom realized for the body, for the mind, for the gross self.

We see in this world another very strange phenomenon. Everybody in this world from the point of view of his little self is a sinner. Everybody is somehow or other responsible for some defect or some deficiency or other and yet nobody in his heart of hearts thinks that he is a sinner. Nobody on the face of the earth—in the wide world—not a single individual

believes in his sinful nature. In his heart of hearts he regards himself as pure. In practical life nobody thinks himself a sinner. What, if outwardly you call yourself a sinner? Even then the real object in view is to be looked upon by the people to be a holy man. By calling themselves sinners, people really intend to be regarded as holy. But in their heart of hearts they have no faith in their sinful nature. Everybody is pure to himself. The worst culprits and criminals brought before the tribunal, when asked: "Did you commit the sin?" would seldom say that they committed a sin. If they are forced to say that they did commit a sin, there might be something else in the matter. Though they outwardly confess their sins, in their hearts they believe that their confession is wrong. They committed no sin. How is that? People who are in a temple confessing their sins before a priest, when they come out into the street and are called by some one by the name of a robber they at once turn round and impeach him, prosecute him, and get him convicted in the court. It was only before God, it was only in a temple that

they wanted to throw dust in the eyes of God, It was only in the temple that they said they were sinners confessing their sins.

Even this phenomenon shows what an anomaly there is in this world. How is that anomaly to be solved? The Vedanta says that this incapability of suppression of the idea that we are not sinners, that we are far beyond sin, and the universality of the practical belief in our sinless natures, as a living proof, is a living sign of the sinless nature of the real Self, of the sinless, pure, holy character of the true Atman, of the real Spirit. The real Spirit, the real Atman is sinless, pure, the Holy of holies. If you do not admit this explanation, explain this apparent anomaly in any other way.

How is it that everybody knows intellectually that he cannot accumulate all the wealth in this world, he cannot become rich to his own satisfaction? We see that every day among us. Just go to people who are reputed to have millions and inquire whether they are contented and satisfied. Let them lay before you their true hearts and they will say that

they are not satisfied, not contented. More, more, more they want. The are just as poor in heart as the people who possess four dollars. Four billion dollars and four dollars make no difference in bringing about peace of mind, rest and contentment. They are no functions of riches. If in spite of their riches, they are really men of rest and men who have got peace, the cause of that peace is not their riches, but the cause of that peace must be something else, must be Vedanta unconsciously put into practice and nothing else. That alone can be the cause of their peace, because riches by themselves give no joy to their owners.

Now we are sure that the accumulation of wealth, material prosperity bring no calm, and yet every body is hungering and hankering after lucre. Is not that a strange anomaly? Explain that. Now no system of philosophy or religion explains that reasonably or with any perfect argument. The Vedanta says here is this hunger after prosperity, and possessing accumulating everything. Why is it so? The body can never possess the whole world. Even if you possess the whole world, you will

not be satisfied, you will be thinking of possessing the moonland. Think of "the emperors who governed the whole earth, the emperors of Rome. Think of those Neros—does it not make you shudder?" Think of their states of mind, of those Cæsars and Neros. Were they happy? Were they contented? There is one of them who eats, who is fond of eating, and he has all the time most delicious foods cooked for him. He eats one dish and eats it to his fill, and there is no more room in his stomach and he has medicines which will make him vomit, and he vomits that food and other dishes are brought to him, and he eats them to his fill—and this is just to satisfy his taste. He goes on eating and vomiting and eating and vomiting all day long. Is he satisfied? Is he at peace? Not at all. We are sure of that. Nay, we cannot possess the whole world, and even if we possess that, what does that amount to? Gain the whole world and lose your own soul,—what does that amount to? This earth of yours is simply a point in astronomical calculations when we deal with the fixed stars. This earth is dealt with as a mathematical point for a

position, but no magnitude.

This earth of yours, what is it? How can it bring any real satisfaction, any real peace, to possess this earth? We know it from the intellectual side, and yet we cannot but rush after this wealth. The Vedanta says it is because the Real Self in you, the real *me* in you is, as a matter of fact, the *master* of the *whole universe*. That is the cause of your wanting to see yourself the master of the whole world.

There is a story in India about an emperor who was put into prison by his son. He was put into prison because his son wanted to see himself possessed of the whole kingdom. The son put his father into prison so that he might satisfy his hunger after lucre. At one time, the father wrote to his own son to send him some students so that he might amuse himself by teaching them something. Then the son said, "Will you hear this fellow, my father? He has been ruling over the kingdom for so many years, and even now he cannot give up his old habit of ruling. He still wants to rule over students; he wants somebody to rule over. He

cannot give up his old habits."

So it is. How can we give up our old habits? The old habit clings to us. We cannot shake it off. The real Self of yours the emperor *Shah-i-jahan* (the literal meaning of the word is 'ruler of the whole world,' and so the name of that emperor *Shah-i-jahan* means the emperor of the whole universe) is the emperor of the universe. Now you have put the emperor into a prison, into the black-hole of your body, into the quarantine of your little self. How can that real Self, that emperor of the universe, forget his old habits? How can he give up his nature? Nobody is capable of shaking off his own nature. Nobody can jump out of his own nature. So the Atman, the true Self, the real Reality in you,—how can that give up its nature? You have confined that in the prison, but even in the prison it wants to possess the whole world, because is has been possessing the whole; it cannot give up its old habits. If you wish this ambitious spirit, the avarice, should be shaken off, if you desire that the people in this world should give up this ambitious nature, could you preach them

to give it up? Impossible.

You will excuse Rama for making some strong statements, but the truth must be told. Rama respects truth more than persons. The truth must be told. In the Bible it is stated in the fifth chapter of Mathew, in the Sermon on the Mount, if some body slaps you on one cheek, turn to him the other. When you have to preach the Holy Gospels, take with you no money; bare-footed, bare-headed you should go. If you are called to the courts of justice, before going to the courts think not of what you will have to say. Open your mouth and it will be filled. Look at the lilies of the field and the sparrows of the forest. They take no thought for to-morrow, and the lilies and the sparrows wear garments which even Solomon might grudge. Have you not a statement in the Bible that it may be possible for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, but it is impossible for the rich to realize the kingdom of heaven? Have you not read in the Bible about the rich man who came to Christ and asked to be initiated and Christ said, "There is only one way with you, no other way; you should give

up your riches; do this alone, and you can be in peace". This spirit of renunciation, this chapter which is so much kept in the back ground by at least the missionaries in India, and even all over the world, this chapter teaches the Vedanta and the teachings which are lived by the Indian monks even at this time. In the name of that holy religion, in the name of that teaching of renunciation, just mark people going as priests and missionaries to India. You will kindly excuse Rama. If you regard self as in the body nobody should feel offended. Nobody has a right to feel in the least offended if anything is said against his little body.

Is it not strange that even the people who go to India in the name of that renunciation, every day rolling in their coaches, living in magnificent palaces, and drawing large salaries of three or four hundred dollars a month and living in princely style, say that they are teaching and preaching the religion of renunciation? Is it not strange? The Vedanta says that you cannot repress by any teaching or preaching from the pulpit, the idea of

accumulating and getting everything into your possession. You cannot repress it because you cannot destroy the universal kingship of your real Self, the universal monarchy of your real Self. But is this disease incurable? Has this malady no antidote, no medicine? It has, it has. The cause of this enormity is ignorance, ignorance which makes you attribute to the body the glory of the Self and makes you, on the contrary, attribute to the real Self the misery of the body. Remove this ignorance, and you will see the man rich, rich with no money; and you will find the man, the monarch of the whole universe with no land or property. So long as the ignorance is present, you must be ambitious, you must be avaricious. There is no help for it, no other remedy. Possess this knowledge; possess this divine wisdom, and free the Atman, keep it no longer in prison. Free it, that is to say, realize your true, eternal, everlasting Atman, which is the God, Master, Ruler of the Universe. Realize that, and you are the holy of holies, the holiest of the holy. To you it would appear degrading and sinful to entertain any thought of worldly

prosperity or worldly riches.

When Alexander the Great visited India after conquering all the other countries in the world that were known to him, he wanted to see the strange Indians of whom he had been hearing so much. He was just led to a monk or priest on the bank of the Indus river. The monk lay there on the sands, bare footed, naked, wearing no clothes and not knowing wherefrom his to-morrow's food was to come, just lying there and basking in the sun. Alexander the Great, with his crown shining, dazzling with the brilliant diamonds and gems that he had got from Persia, stood beside him in all his glory. Beside him was the monk with no clothes on—what a contrast, what a contrast! The riches of the whole word represented by the body of Alexander on one side, and all the outward poverty represented by the saint on the other side! But you have simply to look at their faces to be convinced of the poverty or riches of their true souls.

Sisters and brothers, you hanker after riches in order to hide your wounds, put on linen bandages in order to conceal them. Here

is the saint whose soul was rich; here is the saint who had realized the richness and glory of his Atman. Beside him stood Alexander the Great who wanted to hide his inner poverty. Look at the beaming countenance of the saint, the happy, joyful face of the saint. Alexander the Great was struck by his appearance. He fell in love with him, and just asked the saint to come with him to Greece. The saint laughed, and his answer was: "The world is in *me*. The world cannot contain *me*. The universe is in *me*. I cannot be confined in the universe. Greece and Rome are in *me*. The suns and stars rise and set in *me*."

Alexander the Great, not being used to this kind of language, was surprised. He said, "I will give you riches. I will just flood you with worldly pleasures. All sorts of things that people desire, all sorts of things which captivate and charm people, will be in wild profusion at your service. Please accompany me to Greece.

The saint laughed, laughed at his reply and said, "There is not a diamond, there is not a sun or star which shines, but to *me* is due its lustre. To me is due the glory of all the

heavenly bodies. To *me* is due all the attractive nature, all the charms of the things desired. It would be beneath my dignity, it would be degrading on my part, first, to lend the glory and charm to these objects, and then go about seeking them, to go begging at the door of worldly riches, to go begging at the door of flesh and animal desires to receive pleasures, happiness. It is below my dignity, I can never stoop to that level. No, I can never go begging at theirs."

This astonished Alexander the Great. He just drew his sword and was going to strike off the head of that saint. And again the saint laughed a hearty laugh and said, "O Alexander never in your life did you speak such a falsehood, such an abominable lie. Kill *me*, kill *me*, kill *me*! Where is the sword that can kill *me*? Where is the weapon that can wound *me*? Where is the calamity that can mar my cheerfulness? Where is the sorrow that can tamper with my happiness? Everlasting, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, pure and holy of holies, the Master of the universe, that I am, that I am. Even in your hands I am

the power that makes them move, O Alexander. If your body dies, there I remain, the power that makes your hands move. I am the power that makes your muscles move." The sword fell down from the hands of Alexander.

Here we see that there is only one way of making people realize the spirit of renunciation. From the worldly point of view we become ready to renounce everything only when we become rich from the other point of view. Have you not heard the unquestionable law of science, what is gained in poverty is lasting? The outward loss, the outward renunciation, can be achieved when inward perfection, inward mastery or kinghood is attained. No other way, no other way.

How is it that in this world anger exists? We hear loud preachings every day that we should never give way to weakness, should never lose our temper. We hear preachings to that effect every day, and still when the time comes, we give way to weakness. Why is it? Why anger, why animosity, why the thought of self-aggrandizement and why other sins? Why these animal passion? All

these sins are explained by the Vedanta on the same line and the same principle. Perhaps there is hardly any time to enter into the details of all these sins. If you want to know more about it, you had better come to Rama, and all these sins will be perfectly explained, their cause and their diagnosis. But there being little time now, Rama simply sums up all that; and your attention is drawn to the fact that all these sins are due to ignorance, which makes you confound the real Self with the apparent body and mind. Give up this ignorance and these sins are no more. If you were to remove these sins by any of these ways, the attempts will end in failure because no matter can be destroyed. Of course ignorance can be destroyed. Ignorance we can remove. Children when they are born are ignorant of many things in this world, but we see that gradually their ignorance about many subjects goes diminishing and diminishing. Ignorance can only be removed.

That being the case, there is the power which leads you to anger, which leads you to desires and sins, and leads you to the

accumulation. This energy you cannot destroy by your teachings or preachings in any way. You cannot repress; you can never suppress it—the energy is there. The Vadanta says we can make spirit out of this energy. Let it not be misapplied. Let it be applied properly. This is the energy of the true Spirit in you, the energy of the true Atman in you, which is the master of the whole world, which is rival-less.

Everybody wants to be free, and the idea of freedom—what is its essential character, the fundamental feature of the desire for freedom? It is rising to a height where we have no rival. The energy of the true Atman wants you to realize the state where you are perfectly free, that is to say, where you have no equal, where you have no rival. The Atman, the true spirit is rival-less. If you want to get rid of worldly selfishness or the thought of self-aggrandizement, you cannot push down and destroy the real energy. No energy can be destroyed. Nor can the eternal Atman be destroyed. How can the eternal Atman be destroyed. The improper use you can make of everything and turn heaven into hell.

There is a story about a priest, a Christian priest in England. He read about the deaths of some great men, great Scientists, Darwin and Huxley. He began to think in his mind whether they had gone to hell or heaven. He was thinking and thinking and thinking. He said to himself, "These people did not commit any crimes, and yet they did not believe in the Bible, they did not believe in Christ, they were no Christians in the proper sense of the word. They must have gone to hell." But he could not make up his own mind to think that way. He thought: "They were good men, they had done some good work in the world, they did not deserve hell. Where did they go?" He fell asleep and dreamt a most wonderful dream. He saw that he himself had died and was taken to the highest heaven. He found there all the people whom he had expected to find; he found all his Christian brothers who used to come to his Church. He found them all there. Then he asked about these Scientists, Huxley and Darwin. The door-keeper of heaven or some other steward told him that these people were in the

lowest hell.

Now, this priest asked if he could be allowed to go to the lowest hell on a flying visit simply to see them, and there to go and preach to them the Holy Bible and show them that they had perpetrated a most heinous crime in not believing in the letter of the Bible. After some fuss and trouble the steward yielded, and consented to get for him a ticket to the lowest hell. You will be astonished that even in hell and heaven you come and go in your railway cars, but so it was. The man had been bred in the midst of surroundings overflowing with railway traffic and telegraphs. So in his thoughts, in his dreams, it is no wonder if the railways got mixed up with hell and heaven.

Well, this priest got a first-class ticket. The railway train went on and on and on. There were some intermediate stations, because he came from the highest heaven to the lowest hell. He stopped at the intermediate stations and found that there was a change for the worse as he went on down and down. When he came to the lowest hell but one, he

could not keep himself in senses. Such a stench was coming out that he had to put all his napknis and handkerchiefs before his nose, and yet he could not be senseless; he had to fall into a swoon. There were so many crying voices, weeping and crying and gnashing of teeth down there; he could not bear it. He could not keep his eyes open because of those sights. He repented of his persistence to come to see the lowest hell.

In a few minutes the people on the railway platform were crying, "The lowest hell, the lowest hell" for the convenience of the passengers. There was engraved on the walls of the station, "The lowest hell." But the priest was astonished. He asked everybody," "This cannot be the lowest hell? It must be about the highest heaven. No, no, it cannot be. This is not the lowest, this is not the lowest hell; it must be heaven." The railway guard or conductor told him that this was the place, and there came a man who said, "Just get down, sir, this is your destination."

He got down–poor fellow, but was surprised. He expected the lowest hell to be worse than

the lowest hell but one. But this well nigh rivalled his highest heaven. He got out of the railway station and found there magnificent gardens, sweet-scented flowers, and fragrant breezes blowing into his face. He met one tall gentleman. He asked his name and he thought he saw in him something or somebody whom he had seen before. The man was walking before him, and he followed after him; and when the man called out, the priest was delighted. They shook hands, and the priest recognized him. Who was he? That was Huxley. He asked, "What is it, is it the lowest hell?" Huxley said, "Yes, no doubt it is." And he said, "I came to preach to you, but first of all, answer how is it that I find such a strange phenomenon before me?" Huxley said, "You were not wrong in your expectations for the worst. Indeed, when we came here, it was the worst possible hell in the universe. It was the most undesirable that could be conceived." And here he pointed out certain places:—"there were dirty ditches." And he pointed out another spot. "There was burning iron." And he pointed out

another spot, "there was hot sand"; and "there was steaming dung." He said, "We were first of all placed in the most dirty ditches, but while there, with our hands we were throwing water to the next adjoining hot burning iron; and we went on with that work throwing that dirty water out of the ditches on the hot burning iron that was on the banks. Then the stewards of the lowest hell had to take us to those places where there was a burning liquid oil but by the time they took us to that place' most of the iron had become wholly cooled, most of the iron could be handled, and still a great deal of iron was in its liquid burning condition, fiery condition. Then, with the aid of that iron which had cooled down, and holding it before the fire, we succeeded in making some machines and some other instruments. After that we were to be taken to the third place where there was the dung. We were taken to that place and with the help of our instruments, iron spades and machines, we began the digging work. After that we were taken to the other kind of soil, and there by means of machines

and other instruments that we had got then ready, we threw some of those things into the soil to which we were taken; that served as manure, and thus we succeeded, by-and-by in turning this hell into a veritable heaven.

Now the thing is that in that lowest hell, there were present all the materials which being simply placed in their right positions, might make the highest heaven. So it is. The Vedanta says, in you is present the divine God, and in you is present the worthless body; but you have misplaced the things. You have done things upside down; in a topsyturvy way you have put them. You have put the cart before the horse; and that is how you make this world a hell for you. You have simply not to destroy any thing, not to dig up anything. This ambitious spirit of yours, or this selfishness of yours, or this angry nature of yours, or any other sin of yours, which is just like a hell or heaven, you cannot destroy, but you can re-arrange. No energy can be destroyed, but you can re-arrange this hell and convert it into the highest heaven.

The Vedanta says, the only open sesame, the only way to really stamp out all misery from the world,—long faces and gloomy, sad tempers, will not mend matters,—the only way to escape from all sins, the only way to stand above all temptations is to realize the true Self. You will never be able to withstand animal passions unless you do away with all this splendour and glory that bewitches you, do away with all that attracts you. When you realize that, you stand above all the passions, and at the same time be perfectly free, be perfectly free, be perfectly full of bliss, *and that is heaven.*

Om! Om!

Editor's note.

This lecture was repeated in the Academy of Sciences on December 20, 1920. The striking passages of the lecture when repeated are given on the next page, which forms a sort of continuation of this lecture or which is rather "the Prognosis and Diagnosis of sin".

In continuation of the preceding lecture.

PROGNOSIS AND DIAGNOSIS OF SIN.

(Lecture delivered on December 20, 1902, in the Academy of Sciences, San Francisco.)

My own Self in the form of ladies and gentlemen.

To-night we will investigate sin, if there be any. You will observe some very curious phenomena in this world, most curious phenomena. You will mark some facts in this world which baffle the ingenuity of philosophers and you will notice certain facts, moral and religious facts, in this world which are perplexing to scientists. The explanation of these, in the light of Vedanta, will be given to-night. These strange facts comprise the phenomena of sin also. How is it that every body knows that whoever is born in this world is destined to die? Every tree that is seen on the earth must perish one day; every animal that is seen on this earth must perish, every man must die. Everybody knows it. Those who were the cause of millions of people's

deaths, these greatest warriors, Alexander, Napoleon, Washington, Wellington, all died; all these, through whose hands bloodshed and slaughter were perpetuated to a degree beyond description, also died; and so also those died who brought the dead to life. Bodies we know are perishable; everybody knows it, but then nobody believes in it in practice. Intellectually everybody subscribes to the fact that in this world each and all of the bodies must perish, but nobody in practice believes in it. Intellectual consent they give, but no practical belief in this fact. How is it? The oldest man who has passed his three score and ten, the oldest man who is bordering on 90, the oldest man, go to him and you will see that he wants to continue spreading his connections; he wants to live in this world for ever and ever; wants to shun death and he never thinks of his death in practical life. He wants to extend his property, he wants to enlarge his circle of friends and relatives, he wants to have more and more of property under his dominion. He hopes to live on. Practically he has no faith in death and besides that, the very name of

death sends a shudder through the whole frame from the top of the head to the tip of the toe. The whole body quivers at the name of death. How is it that man cannot bear the idea of death, cannot bear the name of death and at the same time knows that death is certain? How is it? Here is an anomaly, a kind of paradox. Explain it. Why should not people have any practical faith in death, although they have intellectual knowledge of it? Vedanta explains it this way: "In man there is the real Self, which is immortal, there is the real Self which is everlasting, unchanging, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever; in man there is something which knows no death, which knows no change. The practical non-belief in death is due to the existence of this real Self in man, and it is this real, eternal, immortal Self that asserts its existence in the practical non-belief of people in death."

We come to another curious phenomenon, the phenomenon of the desire to be be free. *Everybody in this world wants to be free*, dogs, lions, tigers, birds, men love freedom. The thought of freedom is universal; nations shed

blood and wet the earth with it, with that red gore of mankind; the fairy face of the earth is made to blush with slaughter, with red blood, in the name of freedom. Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans, all religions have set up before them one goal. What is that? Salvation, the little meaning of which is freedom.

If you touch the feathers or the body of the water fowl which lives in a dirty pond, you will see that it is dry, it is not affected in the least by the dirt or colour of the water; it is dry. It does not get wet. Similarly, the Vedanta says, "In you, O man, there is something which is pure, which is not contaminated by faults, sins and weaknesses of the body; in this world of sinfulness and sloth, it remains pure." Where is the mistake made? Sinlessness belongs in reality to the real Self, the Atman, but by mistake it is attributed to the body in practice. Whence did this idea of regarding the body and the mind pure, whence did it originate? Who planted it in the hearts of people? No body else; no body; no Satan came to plant it in your hearts; no

outside demon came. It is *within* you; the cause must be in the phenomenon itself. Those days are past in which people sought the causes of phenomena outside themselves. If a man fell down, the fall was attributed to some cause outside the person. Those days are gone. Science and philosophy do not allow such explanations. We should seek the explanation in the phenomenon itself. We know the body to be full of sin, always at fault, and yet we look upon ourselves as sinless. How do they explain this phenomenon? The Vedanta says, "Explain it not by resorting to some outside Satan, explain it not by attributing it to outside devils; no, no. The cause is within you, is within you, the Holy of holies. Within you is the purest of the pure, within you is the sinless One, the Atman which makes its existence felt, which cannot be destroyed, connot be dispensed with, cannot be done away with. It is there, however faulty, however sinful the body may be, the real Self, the sinlessness of the real Self must be there; it must make itself felt; it is there, it cannot be destroyed."

We come now to the different sins, to the different phenomena which are called sins.

(1) *Flattery*:—This comes first. This is not looked upon as a deadly sin, but it is universal.

How is it that from the lowest vermin to the highest God, flattery is welcome? How is it that every body is a slave of flattery, and every body wants to be camplimented, humoured, petted, and be thought highly of? How is it?

Even the dogs, when you pat and flatter them, are full of joy at it. Even the dogs like flattery. Horses like flattery. The master of the horse comes up and pets him, strokes him, the horse pricks up his ears, is filled with energy.

In India, some princes use tigers instead of dogs for hunting purposes and the way of the tiger is to catch the prey in three leaps. If the prey is caught, well and good; if not the tiger loses heart and sits down. On such occasions princes come up and stroke the tiger and flatter him, and then he is filled with energy agaiu. We see that even the tigers love flattery. Take the man who is good for

nothing, who is worthless. Go to him and just humour him, flatter him. Oh! His countenance beams with joy. You will find a bloom on his cheeks on the spot.

In those countries where the people worship gods, we find that even the gods are appeased by flattery. And what of the prayers of some monotheists? What are their prayers, what are their invocations? Examine them. Examine them disinterestedly, impersonally, and you will see that they are nothing else but flattery. How is it that flattery is universal? Everybody loves flattery, while at the same time, there is not a single man who deserves that kind of flattery which pleases him. There is not a single man who deserves the unnecessary compliments that are paid to him by his admirers. The Vedanta explains it by saying that in every individval, in every person, in every body, there is the real Self, the real Atman, which is, as a matter of fact, the greatest of the great, the highest of the high. There is in reality something in you which is the highest of the high and that makes its existence felt. When the flatterer comes, and

he begins to admire us and pay us compliments, we feel elated, we feel cheered. Why? The cause is not that these statements are true, but the Vedanta says that the real cause lies in our real Self. There is something behind the scenes, some potent force, something stern and indestructible, the greatest of the great, the highest of the high, which is your real Self and deserves all flattery, all compliments; and no compliments, no flattery, no aggrendisement can be unworthy of the real Self. But from this nobody should draw the conclusion that flattery is justified by Rama. No flattery, praise and glory are to be rendered unto the real Self. It ought not to be rendered to the body, to the little self it ought not to be given. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's' and render unto God the things that are Gods'." The sinfulness of flattery lies in making the mistake of rendering unto God what was to be Cæsar's, and giving unto Cæsar what was to be given unto God. In this topsy-turvy state lies the sinfulness of our being slaves of flattery. Herein lies the sinfulness. The cart is put before the horse.

If you realize the Self and feel and become one with the Greatest of the great and the Highest of the high, and know it to be your Atman, rise above the body, above the mind, you are really the Greatest of the great, the Highest of the high; you are your own ideal; no, you are your own God. Realize this and you are free, but the mistake is made in giving the glory of the Atman, the real Self, to the body and in seeking flattery and aggrandizement for the body. Herein lies the mistake. How is it that each and every person in this world, everybody in this world, and every animal even is tainted with flattery or pride? How is it that vanity and pride are universal?

A certain gentleman came to Rama, and said, "Look here, look here. Our religion has got the largest number of people as its devotees, as its converts, therefore our religion must be the highest. We have the largest majority of mankind belonging to our religion, therefore it must be the best." Rama said, "Brother, brother, make your remarks after observing rightly. Do you believe in Satan?" He said, "Yes." "Then please say whether

Satan's religion has got the largest number of followers or yours. If truth is to be judged by majority, then Satan has the supremacy over all."

(2) *Vanity*:—We say that vanity or pride, you might call it one of the faces of Satan, has taken a stronghold in everybody in this world. How is it? At the same time we know that the body does not deserve any pride that this body has no right to take airs of superiority, or to be proud. Everybody knows that the body does not deserve or is not worthy of any vanity or pride, and yet everybody has it. How is it? Wherefrom did it come, this universal phenomenon? From where did come this universal anomaly, this universal paradox? Wherefrom does it come? It must come from within you. The cause is not far to seek. There is in you the Greatest of the great, that is your real Self. You will have to realize that and know that; and when you realize and know the true Self, the Atman, you will no longer stoop down to seek praise for this little body. You will no longer stoop down to seek any vanity or pride for this little body. If you

realize the true Self, if you redeem your own heart, you are your own redeemer. If you realize the God within you, then to hear praises for this little body, to hear any tributes for your body will appear to you as belittling yourself, will appear to you as bemeaning yourself. Then you will stand above bodily vanity or selfish pride. This is the way to stand above bodily vanity or selfish pride.

The true Atman within, the true Self being the Greatest of the great, the Highest of the high, the God of gods, how can it give up its nature? How can this Atman degrade itself, believe itself to be poor, wretched, vermin or worm? How can it degrade itself to that depth of ignorance? It cannot give up its nature, it cannot give up its nature. And that is the cause of vanity or pride being universal. But vanity or pride is not justified by this explanation. Vanity or pride for the body is not justified.

We know that the earth moves; and relatively to the earth, the sun is stationary. All know that the sun does not move and that the earth revolves; but we make a mistake.

we fall into an error, we ascribe the motion of the earth to the sun and the rest of the sun we ascribe to the earth. The same kind of mistake is made by the people who hunger for pride, who are subject to vanity. The same kind of error comes in here. Here is the Atman, the real sun, the Light of lights, which is Immovable, which is really the Source of all glory, and here is the body, like the earth, all the time changing and worthy of no praise, worthy of no glory, but we make a mistake in attributing the glory of the Atman to the body and the worthlessness of the body to the Atman, the real Self. This error, this mistake, this form of ignorance is the cause of seeking aggrandizement for the little body. Now if this ignorance could be called Satan, if Satan could be translated as ignorance, then we might say that herein comes Satan which puts the things in confusion; the Atman's glory to the body and the body's worthlessness to the Atman. Remove this ignorance, remove this ignorance and you kill vanity or pride.

(9) *Avarice*:—How is it that greed, aggrandizement or avarice is universal?

Animals have greed, men have it, women have it, everybody has it. How is it that greed, avarice or aggrandizement is universal? Everybody wants to have all sorts of things around him. Everybody wants to accumulate the things around his body, and this greed is never satisfied. The more you get, the more does the flame of greed increase, the more is this flame fed. You become an emperor, and still the greed is there and your greed is also princely. You are a poor man and your greed is poor. How is it that it is universal? In the churches, in the Hindu temples, in the Mohammedan mosques, everywhere, the preachers deliver long sermons and say, "Brothers, no greed, no greed, no greed." They put forth all their energies to strangle it; they want to remove it, to eradicate it, but it is there despite all their remonstrances. How is it? It cannot be throttled, it cannot be checked, it is there. Explain it. Before you want to kill greed, before you want to kill this disease, let us know the cause of it. Unless you tell the cause of the disease, you are not expected to be in a position to cure the

disease. Let us know the cause of it. To say that Satan puts it into our hearts is unscientific, is unphilosophical. It is contrary to all the laws of logic. That will not do. If you cannot give a scientific explanation of the fact, why this mythological explanation? Why is it universal? The Vedanta expains it by saying that there is in you, O man, the reality, the true Self the real Atman asserting itself; it cannot be crushed. They say that no energy can be destroyed, no force can be annihilated. We hear about the law of conservation of energy, indestructibility of matter, persistence of force. We hear all that, and here the Vedanta says, "O preachers, O ministers, O Christians, Hindus and Mohammedans, you cannot crush down this energy. you cannot crush down this force which appears in the form of greed. You cannot crush it down. From time immemorial all sorts of religions have been preaching against greed, against avarice, against aggrandizement but the world is not a bit better for all your Vedas, Bibles and Korans. Greed is there. The energy cannot be destroyed, but you can

make the right use of it." The Vedanta says, "O man of the world, you make a mistake. Take that greatest of words, that word of three letters, G-o-d, read the letters in the reverse order. What does it become? D-o-g. Thus you are misreading the Holy of holies, the pure G-o-d in you, you are misunderstanding it; you are reading it in the contrary way; and thus you make a veritable dog of yourselves, whereas you are in reality the Holy of holies, the pure God. Through the error, through the ignorance of attributing the glory of the Atman to the body and the worthlessness of the body to the atman, by this mistake you fall a victim to greed. Eradicate this error, and you are God immortal. Redeem the real Self in you, take a firm stand in the true Self, and realize yourself to be the God of gods, the Holy of holies, the Master of universe, the Lord of lords, and it becomes impossible for you to seek these outside things and accumulate them round this body."

(4) *Attachment*:—We come now to the phenomenon of attachment or grief. What is the cause of attachment, which means that the

person suject to this evil wants that the things around him should not change? A man is filled with sorrow and anxiety at the death of a loved one. What does his sorrow or anxiety show? What does it prove? Can we expect conditions to remain as they are; can we expect to keep our loved ones always with us, when we know intellectually, that everything in this world is changeful, is in a state of flux? And yet we wish that there should be no change, how is it? The Vedanta says, "O man, in you there is something which is really unchangeable, which is the same yesterday, today and for ever, but by mistake (ignorance) the unchangeable nature of the true Self is ascribed to the circumstances of the body. That is the cause of it. Eradicate ignorance and you stand above worldly attachments."

(5) *Sloth*:—What is the cause of sloth or indolence? According to the Vedanta, the cause of the universality of sloth or indolence is that the real Self within each and all is perfect rest, is peace, and the real Self being infinity cannot move, the infinite cannot move. It is the finite only that can move. This is a

circle, and here is another circle. Where this is, the other is not; where the other is, the first is not. If one limits the being of the other, both are finite: if we want to make one circle infinite it will cover the whole space. There will be no room for the little circle. As long as the smaller circle limited it, it could not be called infinite. In order that the first circle might become infinite, it must be one, it must have nothing else, outside it, and so having nothing else outside it there is no room which is not filled up by the infinity, and so the infinity having no room cannot move. In the infinity there must be no change. The Atman, the true Self within is infinite; it is all rest; it is all peace. There is no motion there. That being the case, the infinity, the Atman's peacefulness is through ignorance carried to the body and the body suffers from sloth and it has indolence in it. That is the cause of indolence or sloth being universal in the whole word.

(6) *Rivalry*:—How is it that everybody in this world wants to have no rival to himself? Everybody wants to be the supreme ruler.

> "I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute."

This is what everybody wants to feel. What is the cause of the universality of this? Explain this fact, this hard, stern reality, explain it. The Vedanta says, "The real cause is that in you, O man, is the true Atman which is one without a second, which is rivalless, matchless; and by ignorance, by mistake, is the oneness and the glory of the Atman being attributed to the body, and there is the tendency to have no rivals of the body."

(7) *Sensuality*:—Sensuality is nothing but gratifying the senses, wanting all beauty. This too is universal, and can be treated just as other sins. "We are all beauty, the unchangeable Self is all beauty now and forever," and the realization of this will show us that what we are trying to get for the physical belongs to, or is the real Self.

(8) *Anger*:—How is that anger or rebellion is universal? It is because of our real Self which is free now and forever, that we are not satisfied to be limited in any way. We see rebellion in the small child, it must have its way; we see rebellion in sects; they must have their way; we see rebellion in nations and we

see the country blush with the blood, shed in the cause of freedom. All this because the Self is not realized. The real Self is free, how could it be anything else! It was never born, will never die, remains the same for ever. Free it must be. If it were true that you were bound, you never could be free, for the more truth you know, the more you would have been confirmed in the bondage. But the truth is that we, by our inner nature, are free, and the knowledge of the truth reveals our Self in true colours.

We will not enter into other sins. Other sins are also explained in the same way by the Vedanta. All the possible deadly sins are explained, and the way to remove all these sins is simply to remove the universal ignorance which makes you confound the two.

A man was suffering from two diseases. He had a disease of the eyes and a disease of the stomach. He came to a doctor and asked him to treat him. The doctor gave to this patient two kinds of medicines, two kinds of powders. One of the powders was to be applied to the eyes. It contained antimony or lead

sulphide, and if taken internally, it is a poison. It can be applied to the eyes and the people in India use this powder for the eyes. So the doctor gave him the powder for the eyes containing antimony or lead sulphide. Another powder he gave him to be taken. This powder contained pepper and chillies; chillies which have a very cold name, a very cold name, but which are very hot. He gave him one powder containing chillies to be taken. This man being in a state of confusion just interchanged the two powders. The powder which was to be taken he applied to the eyes, and the antimony and other thing which were poisons he took. Here were the eyes blinded and the stomach worsted.

That is what is being done by the people, and that is the cause of all the so-called sins in this world. Here is the Atman, the Light of lights within you, and here is the body, the stomach, so to say. What is to be done to the body is being done to the Atman, and the respect and honour and glory of the Atman are being paid unto the body. Everything mixed up; everything put into a state of confusion.

That causes this phenomenon of so called sins in this world. Get things right and right you are, you prosper materially, you are the God of gods spiritually.

Similarly in you is everything, but by the misplacement of things God is put down below and the body is placed above it, and the highest heaven is turned into the direst hell. Place them in the right order and you will see that even this dire and abominable phenomenon of sins speaks of your godliness, of your purity. Get the right vision and you are the greatest God.

A man, who believed in no God, wrote everywhere on the walls of his house, "God is no where." He was an atheist. He was a lawyer, and at one time a client came to him and offered him $ 500. He said, "No, I will take $ 1,000." The client said, "All right. I will pay you $ 1,000 if you win the case, but I will pay you afterwards; if you want to take $500, then you may have it first." The lawyer felt sure of success and took up the case. He went to the court, feeling sure that he had done everything right. He had studied the

case carefully, but when the case was tried, the lawyer of the opposite party brought out such a strong point that he lost the case and the $ 1,000 which he had expected to receive for his services. He came to his house dejected, crest-fallen and in a sad plight. He was leaning over his table in a state of dejection when there came to him his darling child who was just learning to spell. He began to spell out "G-o-d-i-s—that is a long word, so many letters; that word the poor child could not spell. He divided it into two parts, n-o-w, h-e-r-e, and the child jumped up with joy; he was amazed at his own success in spelling out the whole sentence, "God is now here." "God is now here." The same "God is nowhere" was read "God is now here." That is all.

The Vedanta wants you to spell things in the right way. Do not misread them; do not misspell them. Read this "God is nowhere," that is to say, the phenomenon of sin, crime, "God is now here." Even in your sins is proved your divinity, the divinity of your nature. Realize that and the whole world blooms for you a paradise, the whole world is converted

into a garden, a heaven.

Once in an examination the students were asked to write an essay on the miracle of Christ turning water into wine. The hall was filled with students and they were writing. One poor fellow was whistling, singing, looking at this corner and at that. He did not write a single syllable, he did not write a single word. He went on making fun even in the examination hall, he went on enjoying himself. Oh, his was an independent spirit. When the time was up and the superintendent was collecting the answers, the superintendent made a joke with Byron, and told him that the superintendent was very sorry that Byron was fatigued by writing so long an essay. But Byron at the time took up his pen and wrote one sentence on the answer book, and handed it to the superintendent. When the result of the examination was out, he got the first prize. Byron got the first prize, the man who had written nothing, who simply took up his pen and with one stroke scribble out a single sentence, got the first prize. The superintendent of the examination who thought Byron to

be an idler was amazed, and all the other competitors asked the examiner to be kind enough to read before the whole class, before the whole congregation of students, the essay by which Byron got the prize. The eassy was: "The water saw her master and blushed" This was on the miracle of Christ by which he turned water into wine. That was the whole essay. Is it not really wonderful? In blushing the face becomes red; the water became red wine. When a lady hears out her lord, her lover, she blushes; the water saw her master and blushed. That is all. Splendid, is it not?

Realise the true Self within you; like Christ, realise that the father and the son are one. "In the beginning was the word; the word was with God." Realize it, realize it. The Heaven of heavens is within you. Realize that and wherever you go, the dirtiest water will blush into the sparking wine for you; every dungeon will be converted into the Heaven of heavens for you. There will not be a single difficulty or trouble for you; the master of all ye become.

Om! Om!! Om!!!